

The Saturday Review

No. 3570. Vol. 137.

29 March 1924

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER]

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CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK 313

LEADING ARTICLES:

Striking at the Public 316
Providence or Singapore? ... 316

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

XXXVIII: At Wembley. By
Filson Young 317

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

Salute to Adventurers. By A
Dug-Out 318
Something Rotten in the State
of Music ... By Dyneley
Hussey 319
Mah Jongg and the Imaginative
Mind. By Helen Beauclerk... 320

A Fine Mind. By Ivor Brown 321
Wireless and the Poet 322

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Luxor Tomb Dispute ... 322

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

A Controversial Book 323
Back to Methuselah 323
Common Sense about Spanish
Shawls 324
Proust—The Moral Problem 324
A Plea for Good Coffee 324
A Literary Coincidence 326
Beau Brummell's Letters ... 326

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. XCII:

Mr. C. G. Ammon, M.P. By
'Quiz' 325

REVIEWS:

Art, Life, and Religion 326
The Red War on Religion ... 327
Norwegian Literature 327
Medieval Warfare 328
Patterns 328
The French Revolution ... 329

NEW FICTION. By Gerald
Gould:

Sanctions 330
Judgment Eve 330
Great Gifts 330

ROUND THE LIBRARY TABLE:

A Miscellany 332

STOCK MARKET LETTER ... 334

ACROSTICS 336

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Notes of the Week

THE chain of strikes, actual and threatened, by which Labour is attempting to enforce its demands is a blow at the heart of the community, and is aimed at the very foundations of law and order. If the London Underground Railway system and the electric power stations become involved, we shall be in the presence of a social crisis with which only martial law can deal. The situation, for which successive governments must share the responsibility, is a serious one for those who wield authority in any form. If a Labour Government cannot control Labour and protect the public from organized blackmail, it will be swept out of existence. Unless the situation is firmly dealt with now, it will soon be beyond the power of any government to handle, and we shall drift towards a dictatorship and revolution.

THE ANSWER TO THE TRAMWAYMEN

Almost daily we pass some milestone on that fatal road. The tramway strike is but one of these. There is an honest and logical answer to the men's demand to be paid more wages than they can earn—and that is to scrap the tramways as a luxury that London cannot afford. Apparently they serve no purpose that cannot, in London conditions at any rate, be more efficiently and economically performed by motor omnibuses. Costly as their abandonment might be, it would be invaluable as an object lesson in elementary economics. Apparently it needs to be demonstrated that legislation cannot create wealth, or increase the value of a thing to mankind.

A SHACKLED GOVERNMENT

Mr. Bridgeman has rendered a great service to the public by his impartial and vigorous statement of its case against those warring interests which ignore it in their disputes and against a Government which professes the most admirable principles of concern for the general welfare but seems impotent to apply them. As Mr. Bridgeman told the House, the public ought to be arbiters instead of victims in these disputes. The Government does not disagree with this principle, only it wishes the public to be arbiters after being victims, and is all for allowing the position to be aggravated

before being authoritatively examined. The truth is, the hands of this Government are not free in these matters. It is tied by the past of most of its members and by its dependence on supporters deeply involved in industrial unrest.

SINGAPORE AND THE SEA LORDS

Elsewhere we return to the subject of the abandonment of the Naval Base at Singapore, and the "gesture" by which the Government declared its true Socialist policy of gambling with realities for the sake of ideals. Here we would like to ask what will be the attitude of the naval Sea Lords, notably Lord Beatty, in face of the fact that their advice has been rejected. Will Lord Beatty, whom the ordinary citizen regards as a trusty watchdog in naval matters, remain in office, responsible for a Navy which will no longer be in a position to maintain the safety of the Empire or the freedom of the seas? We await with some curiosity his return from the Mediterranean next week.

M.P.'S AND FREE TRAVEL

We hope sincerely that the House of Commons will have the courage and dignity to reject the proposal to vote itself £70,000 a year in free railway travel—but we very much doubt it. The proposal is based on the quite erroneous supposition that the Member of Parliament is a servant of the State—instead of being, as he is, an appointed critic and scrutineer of the State's functioning. When the House of Commons voted itself salaries it took the first step on the road that leads inevitably to "graft" and political corruption. To give free railway travel would be another step. But it also would afford an unedifying instance of a person making himself a present of something which is not his to give.

THE FUTURE OF MR. CHURCHILL

Mr. Churchill's future cannot fail to be a subject of profoundly interesting speculation. Although he still calls himself a Liberal, it was not difficult to read between the lines of his own and the Duke of Marlborough's speeches at a complimentary luncheon the other day, a declaration of his intention to take what-

ever steps may be necessary to invest him once more with power and office. Indeed, the last sentence of the Duke's speech might almost have been written by Mr. Churchill. For our part we frankly admit that his presence on the Front Opposition bench at this time would be a source of much-needed strength to the House of Commons generally, and to the constitutional forces particularly. But we hope Mr. Churchill and his friends will make no more attacks on Conservative unity; and if they want to use the strength of Conservatism in the causes of security and order they will remember that the usual way of entering a house, if you desire a cordial welcome, is by the front door. If you enter by a side window it is apt to cause misunderstanding.

LIBERAL UNREST

The Liberals are, unsurprisingly, dissatisfied with themselves and their recent achievements in the House, and held a meeting during the week to discuss what they are going to do about it. No doubt it is galling to them to be treated with obvious contempt by the Labour Party, whom they put into office and sometimes help to maintain there; but that is the price of inefficient leadership and of a glaring lack of cohesion in the party which was so recently "re-united." Mr. Lloyd George, as we noted last week, maintains a discreet silence; and in the absence of Mr. Asquith through indisposition, what leadership there is falls alternately upon the shoulders of the National Liberal Dr. MacNamara and of the frigid and antipathetic Sir John Simon. Mr. Pringle, who seems to have no aims beyond tactical advantage, attacks in turn whichever of the other two parties offers a temporary target for his shafts. So it does not astonish us that the Liberal rank and file should be restless and unhappy.

POINCARE

In foreign affairs the most sensational event of the week is the resignation of M. Poincaré, consequent on an adverse vote in the Chamber. The vote was a snap-division, and he might have disregarded it and carried on, as President Millerand requested him to do, but for some time he persisted in his refusal. Later he agreed to reconsider the matter, and the probability is that he will withdraw his resignation, but with some modification of the personnel of his Cabinet. The main point to note is that his defeat occurred in connexion with a minor financial question and not on anything directly bearing on his foreign policy, which unquestionably still represents the mind of the majority of his countrymen, though there have been some indications recently of a more conciliatory spirit. In view of the forthcoming reports of the Expert Committees, conversations had been resumed between London and Paris in such a manner as suggested some attempt to hustle Mr. MacDonald into precipitate action; but his plan, according to a statement he made a fortnight ago, and reiterated on Thursday, is to do nothing until these reports are before him.

AN IMPORTANT DEBATE

The public is so preoccupied, quite naturally, with the strikes and with the threatening local and national situation which results, that it may overlook the debate on our relations with Russia which took place on Wednesday in the House of Lords. But as the Soviet Delegation is expected to arrive in this country next week, when the negotiations will at once begin, that debate is of great importance. The speech made by Lord Curzon is worthy of close study, because it reviewed in masterly fashion all the issues between England and the Soviet Government. He said that the pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office were bulging with proofs of the anti-British activities, by propaganda and

otherwise, of Moscow, and he drew attention to the composition of the Delegation as suggesting more hostile propaganda to be conducted in England itself. Lord Curzon knows whereof he speaks, and we trust that Mr. MacDonald will be able to see to it that the Delegation confines itself entirely to its proper functions.

THE ENEMY OF RELIGION

A year ago, almost exactly, the Roman Catholic Archbishop Cieplak and some of his clergy were condemned to death by the Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal at Moscow, but in the case of the Archbishop the sentence was afterwards commuted to ten years' solitary confinement, and that sentence has now been commuted into permanent banishment from Russia. Replying to a question in the House of Commons on Monday, the Prime Minister appeared to take credit for procuring by his efforts the release of Mgr. Cieplak. We wonder whether Mr. MacDonald was aware of the fact that at the very time the Soviet authorities were commuting this prelate's sentence they were imposing on another ecclesiastic, the Georgian Catholicos Ambrosius, a sentence of eight years' solitary imprisonment? The truth is that the Soviet Government remains the implacable enemy and persecutor of religion in Russia.

THE GREEK REPUBLIC

"Jedgart justice" hanged a man and tried him afterwards. Last Tuesday, which was the hundred and third anniversary of the independence of the country, the Greek Constituent Assembly passed a motion deposing the King and his dynasty, and at the same time decided to refer the question to the people by plebiscite. Greece was proclaimed a Republic, and that, too, is to be submitted to popular confirmation. But the issue is really settled, at least for some time; for, as things are, there will be no effective opposition to the will of the Assembly. The Glucksburg dynasty is gone, but as there are many Royalists in Greece, and the Greeks are notoriously fickle, it is impossible to add that it is gone for ever. The friends of Greece will hope, however, that she will now enter upon a period of quiet, in which the forces that make for reconciliation will build up again the national life.

FASCISMO'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY

Fascism has been celebrating its fifth anniversary. On Sunday Signor Mussolini delivered in Rome, to an audience of 5,000 syndics assembled from all parts of Italy, a rousing speech in which he extolled the revolution he had brought about—for Mussolini is Fascism, and he may truthfully say, *L'état c'est moi*. He has a sure eye for the realities of the situation in these troubled days. The other day he announced, as we noted at the time, that the strengthening of the Italian Navy was an integral feature of his policy. On Sunday he reaffirmed his intention of maintaining Italy in that state of armed preparation which the condition of affairs in Europe necessitated. He roundly declared that the man who had allowed the Air Force to fall into the state in which he found it was a traitor to his country. He is now taking steps to make the Air Force of Italy equal to that of any other Power. To us there is something refreshing about this strong determined man.

RIZA KHAN

In Riza Khan, her Prime Minister, Persia has a man of character and considerable ability. He has succeeded in enforcing some sort of rough order throughout her provinces, but he has failed apparently in turning her into a republic, as was his intention. Per-

haps he was inspired by the example of Turkey, but the opposition he has encountered from the Shia clergy has proved too strong for him, and according to the latest accounts he has had to content himself with deposing Sultan Ahmed Shah, who was made Shah in 1909 when a boy of ten and was crowned in 1914. The long and frequent absences of this potentate from Persia are given as the ground for his deposition; indeed, it seems as if, in vulgar phrase, he had been "asking for it." His infant son is to become Shah, under the regency of Riza Khan, who thus may look forward to a long lease of power, which is doubtless what he wants.

MR. KELLOG ON THE PRESS

The American Ambassador had some interesting things to say when he was entertained a week ago at the London Press Club; and he laid his finger on the truth when he remarked on the greater influence of the Press on foreign relations than on domestic, civic and economic questions. As the daily Press becomes less and less the expression of an educated and independent opinion on public affairs and more and more the gramophonic reproduction of what is supposed to be public opinion, the less real influence is it likely to have. But in foreign affairs it still fulfils its function of supplying information; and as that information is false or true, biased or independent, so will its effect or influence be varied. Most citizens can form their own opinions about home affairs from what they see and know; for a knowledge of foreign affairs they are dependent largely on what they read. The responsibility of the Press in this matter is enormous, and Mr. Kellog rendered a service in drawing attention to it.

THE SHIPPING TROUBLE

Employers are determined that the Shipworkers' Federation shall establish order in its own house, and the Federation seems incapable of doing so. Matters have taken in some respects a more hopeful aspect, but the root trouble still remains: the Federation, powerless now at Southampton, may at any time be shown to be equally unable to manage its members elsewhere. The ship owners feel that its employment must be denied to adherents to every union which cannot get its Southampton workers back to their tasks. They have made concessions as regards time, and they are aware of the difficulties of the Federation, but it is plain that the Federation must recover authority before collective bargaining can again have any meaning.

UNEMPLOYMENT

If there is any subject on which Ministers claim to be experts, it is unemployment. According to themselves, they alone are in possession of a positive remedy for unemployment. It would be impious to doubt that they have the prescription, and we can only deplore their reluctance to reveal and use it. Pressed in the House of Commons, as they were quite recently, they can produce only items from the programme of the late Government, platitudes, and suggestions, rather impudent in the circumstances, that the nation should "wait and see." Mr. Shaw has no new proposals to put forward. He cannot even give us a new diagnosis of the trouble. He and his associates ingeminate "employment," but the general effect of Labour's rise to office is to increase unrest among workers and anxiety among capitalists.

AN UNSATISFACTORY POSITION

Unrest in the Irish Free State is spreading. The Free State Government has had extended to it an extraordinary measure of goodwill on this side of St. George's Channel, but what was before only mild

impatience becomes something nearer exasperation at the latest manifestation of ineptitude, culminating as it has in an attack on the lives of British soldiers. President Cosgrave energetically protested the detestation in which the cowardly crime at Queenstown is held by his whole country, and tried to make it plain that the outrage was the work of a few irresponsible individuals. The question we should like to hear answered is: What kind of "irresponsible" individual in Ireland can rove about in a Rolls-Royce car, with machine guns and ammunition, and make good his escape, unless he have behind him the protection of some organization?

CIVIL WAR AGAIN?

To open the newspaper and read casually of "an attack on irregulars" barricaded in a farmhouse does not make for reassurance. Is this the prelude to a wholesale revival of civil warfare? There is plainly something grievously amiss in the Free State; the country seethes with ill-suppressed discontent; and the Government have added to their troubles and to outside dissatisfaction by meekly capitulating to the army mutineers. No wonder Mr. Cosgrave wants to resign.

VANDALISM AND THE OFFICE OF WORKS

We were horrified the other day to observe in Hyde Park a party of workmen engaged in filling up the little sunk garden opposite the top of Mount Street. This sheltered little dell was one of the places where, for more years than we care to remember, we have been accustomed to find the first touch of Spring in London. To fill it up is an act of stupid vandalism of which we are astonished that the Office of Works should be guilty. Mr. Jowett has hardly been long enough in the post of First Commissioner to be held more than nominally responsible; but what about Sir Lionel Earle, who pretends to be a man of taste and to care intelligently for the beauties and amenities of which he is, in a sense, the trustee?

FLYING ROUND THE WORLD

This week has seen the departure of Squadron-Leader MacLaren and his two brother pioneers on their attempt to fly round the world. They have our good wishes and our admiration. An official American attempt, with four machines, is being made contemporaneously; the British effort is the work of private enterprise, as is the way with this casually successful country, and it has been, we understand, under the customary financial disability, though in a less degree than it might have been. The hazards ahead hardly bear contemplation: some indication of their severity is conveyed by the brief entry of the first day's log, which shows how near the expedition came to complete disaster in the comparatively genial and familiar atmosphere of the English Channel crossing.

THE ARCHITECTURE EXHIBITION

A hundred years ago it was the business of an educated Englishman to have some knowledge and taste in architecture. But the nineteenth century let that tradition drop and many an honours-man at the University could enter upon citizenship without even a rudimentary understanding of a particularly civic art. Fortunately we are returning to a wider sense of architectural values and the Architecture Club is to be congratulated on its work in rescuing the subject from neglect and in mobilizing instructed opinion. Its second annual exhibition will be on view until April 17 at Grosvenor House, by kind permission of the Duke of Westminster. There is an excellent display of models and photographs, illustrating all the best building of the year, ranging from college, tenement, and

church to country house. Garden-lovers will be interested in the architect's invasion of the lawn, and perhaps will think that he claims too much. In any case the new theories of laying-out a garden make a welcome addition to a welcome and encouraging display.

MOUNT EVEREST

The third attempt to climb Mount Everest has now fairly begun, with a fair prospect of success. Past failures have shown the leaders of the expedition the weak points of their organization, and work which in the earlier trials was done on the mountain side has now been got through in comfort at the base. Experience has shown that climbers can live at ever-increasing heights, and there is every hope that the remaining 2,000 feet will not prove an insuperable obstacle, if only the Monsoon holds off. At any rate General Bruce will have the consolation of knowing that what man can do has been done.

STRIKING AT THE PUBLIC

WITHIN the last few days London has been deprived of all its tram transport, very nearly all its omnibus transport, and threatened with deprivation of all its underground railway transport, and even of its electric lighting, because a relatively small number of tramway workers are paid a low wage by an industry too unprofitable to afford to treat its workers liberally. It is impossible to acquiesce in a condition of affairs in which the entire community can be thus victimized over a dispute which truly affects only a sub-section of workers. The time has come for a resolute attempt to provide against the repetition of such interference with the business and daily life of London. It is not only that large numbers of workers are put to great inconvenience in their endeavours to reach their places of business, and that hundreds of out-patients are prevented in their feeble state by the lack of conveyance from securing the treatment which they need. These, though serious, are but temporary hardships. It is that the whole position and habits of Londoners may be most unfortunately affected by the prospect of repeated transport strikes. The constant threat of traffic disturbances, rather than the strike itself, must occupy our attention.

If we in London are to live under menace of transport strikes, the great majority of us will be forced to reconsider our whole way of life. We shall be compelled to refrain from all enterprises, whether for public benefit like the Exhibition or for private advantage, which require for their success that visitors should be able to reach them easily, quickly, and cheaply. We shall be obliged to allow in all our ordinary business a large margin of time for delays which may be caused at any moment by the dissatisfaction of tramway or omnibus or underground workers, and to keep in mind the possibility of having to shorten working hours in order that employees may get to their homes when work is done. We shall be driven to avoid living in those outlying areas the residents of which are peculiarly at the mercy of traffic strikers, and we shall herd together ever more densely in the central districts, at once adding to the congestion there and injuring every interest in the abandoned districts of outer London.

But if there is any real public opinion in the country, it will not tolerate such developments. On the contrary, it will demand that the Government of the day shall deal promptly and firmly with all endeavours to hold the public to ransom, and it will not be put off by such conciliatory but unilluminating statements as the Minister of Labour made in the House of

Commons. While it will welcome the official declaration that the country "is greater than any side, and the country ought to be considered in any action that any section of the country may take," it will require that practical effect be given to this pious theory. At the moment, the solution of difficulties put forward with most hopefulness is the co-ordination of London's traffic. That something of the sort is desirable will not be disputed, but a very great deal depends on the form it takes and on the spirit in which it is worked. Co-ordination means, in effect, a monopoly, desired, it is true, both by the employers and workers, but, nevertheless, monopoly, and therefore something which the third and most important party to the bargain, the public, ought to watch with care and even with a certain wholesome suspicion. Co-ordination from the point of view of the workers means levelling-up, but it is by no means so plain that it means that from the point of view of the public. The present trouble has arisen out of the conditions in London's tramways, and it is at least open to the public to ask whether the scrapping of these unprofitable and therefore ungenerous enterprises might not usefully be made part of the programme, their place to be taken by more omnibuses.

But the urgent thing is to decide once for all whether transport strikes can be permitted until every means of settlement has been explored and found useless. In the present instance, the tramwaymen are on strike, though the employers have offered five-eighths of the increase demanded by the men, and suggested arbitration on the balance. The omnibus men are on strike out of sympathy with the tramwaymen, and various other sections of workers have proposed to exhibit their sympathy in similar ways. What would have been lost if there had been authority with the Government to prohibit, under severe penalties, any strike until the arbitrators had dealt with the balance of the tramwaymen's claim and until the possibility of co-ordination had been truly examined?

PROVIDENCE OR SINGAPORE?

THE Government's position in regard to the Singapore scheme has been weakened, not strengthened, by the publication of correspondence with the Dominions and by the debate which ended in a Government majority on the division. The strategical case for the Singapore scheme has already been admitted by the Premier to be sound and strong, and the only possible defence of the abandonment of the scheme was that letting it drop was of moral value as a gesture. Apology on these lines broke down at once. In the first place, to whom was the gesture made? Hardly to the Dominions, of which the two most nearly concerned, Australia and New Zealand, are disheartened by withdrawal from the scheme. Ministers would say that the gesture was made to the world, though, as Sir Robert Horne pungently remarked, it was really only a backward nod to those who sit behind the Premier. But conceding the claim, and assuming that it was made to the world, what value can it possibly have in the absence of any definite object to be attained within any specified limit of time? At Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's bidding, Great Britain announces that she will jeopardize more than half her Empire and more than half her trade, not on condition that such and such Powers shall do or abstain from doing certain things, but merely as a demonstration of her zeal for disarmament. There is no suggestion of a bargain, no hint of commensurate reciprocal action: there is nothing but a gesture in the void, for the benefit of those who may choose to think it worthy of their notice and who will remain judges of what would be an adequate response. The thing is without definable purpose, and the world is left to guess how

long Great Britain would persist in it if it failed to elicit imitation.

We must comfort ourselves, however. Should the folly that is evident enough to naval authorities and to almost all persons with knowledge of Imperial affairs become indisputably evident to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues, they will reconsider the whole matter. Singapore is not utterly and for ever abandoned. We agree, but we note that by the action and arguments of this Government the Singapore scheme has been indelibly stamped a provocative measure. That is the whole case for dropping it now. How then will the revival of the scheme help the cause of peace? Will it not be, in consequence of what this Government has done and said, a gesture of menace? And if so, can any worker for international amity rejoice in a policy which will have transformed a measure of precaution into a measure of aggression?

This Government is seeking goodwill among the nations by methods in this respect at least truly dangerous to it. It is deeply, fatally prejudicing action, otherwise quite acceptable to the world, which it admits it may some day have to take. It is attaching to normal and inoffensive policies a significance of which neither it nor its successors will be able to deprive them when they have to be put in force. To-day we are to abstain from Singapore lest other Powers, who claim no right to object, should misunderstand the purity of our motives. But to-morrow or the day after we are to assure the world that our revival of the Singapore scheme, which we postponed as aggressive, is really the most innocent thing imaginable. Our gesture is to strike the imagination of mankind when it is one of dropping the sword, but to pass unnoticed when it is one of picking it up again. And as we dropped it unconditionally, we are to pick it up at some time and in some set of circumstances of which no one has the haziest idea, Europe and America and Japan being left without a notion as to the conduct that would inspire us to that amicable gesture.

It is always possible that revival of the Singapore scheme may come too late for it to be of practical use to the British Empire. But we must be content with the solemn declaration of Mr. Thomas that in any such contingency he and his colleagues will "abide the consequences." The nation, however, is not interested to learn that Mr. Thomas or his leader or his colleagues will be available for impeachment and primed with manly admissions of error. Its interest is in the safety, prosperity and prestige of the Empire, and it cannot be recompensed for national disaster by any punishment which may fall upon Ministers or any penance they may decree themselves. It sees the most authoritative naval advice set aside, the wishes of two Dominions flouted, an immense volume of our seaborne trade left with inadequate protection, a unique opportunity of creating a system of reciprocal defence between India, Australia, and New Zealand allowed to slip away. To its demand for an explanation it receives only vague replies, the absurd purport of which is that a measure which would be provocative while there is still hope of disarmament will be pacific when that hope has diminished. Whatever the vote recorded in the House of Commons, the nation is not of that opinion. It knows that the Singapore scheme could be carried out in a fairly leisurely and quite unirritating way now, but that its sudden restoration when there is less hope of peace, and after it has been officially described as irritant, would be dangerous as well as useless. It cannot recognize that a folly of omission now can be rectified by a folly of commission then. Invited by the Government to choose between reliance on Providence and reliance on Singapore, it perceives that the Government itself wobbles in that choice, and suspects that its course is dictated far less by idealism than by the necessity of appeasing its own back-benchers. And Europe, America and Japan will share that suspicion.

A Pilgrim's Progress: XXXVIII

AT WEMBLEY

London, March 27

I CONFESS to a kind of childish pleasure in the mere physical details of a thing like the Wembley Exhibition. I know that the Imperial aspect of it, and all that it means to trade, and the money that it is going to bring into other people's pockets, are the things that I really ought to be interested in; but, alas, it is not so. I know that other people will look after the Imperial aspects of the British Empire Exhibition; I know that the degree to which it can cause money to flow into the treasures of British industrial firms will be the subject of a more anxious, a more expert, and a more interested enthusiasm than I can bring. For me, the interest of this great enterprise lies chiefly in the fact that it is a huge show, of the kind dear to the villager soul of mankind. I know that I shall go there and be both thrilled and bored; that I shall enjoy acutely the simple and unregenerate pleasures of the scenic railway and other mechanical marvels, and be wearied, almost to tears, by exhibits which will have been the fruit of anxious thought and toil on the part of earnest and patriotic experts. I am, I confess, a child in these matters; it is with the hope of a child to see some new and wonderful thing that I look forward to the Exhibition as an accomplished fact, and it was with something of the eagerness of a child to see how new and marvellous things are actually produced that I went the other day to Wembley, and made, under the guidance of the agreeable Mr. Halstead (who has the art of taking you round Wembley as if he himself were only seeing it for the second time), the muddy pilgrimage through what is still but a gigantic theatre of effort—titanic, magic, convulsive; but will to-morrow be a finished achievement, trim and sham, plastered with advertisements, asphalted and signposted, without a trace of the glorious and romantic toil that is even now making it what it will be.

* * *

All exhibitions are alike in that they are advertisement disguised as entertainment, instruction, or amusement; they differ chiefly in extent and scale. Wembley is going to be what every exhibition hitherto has been, only more so. We will take all that for granted. But there are two things (to select only two) that make it additionally and more interestingly superior to its fore-runners. One is that it is the greatest achievement in the architectural uses of reinforced concrete that the world has yet known. Spans are carried and strains borne that have never been carried before by such slight material means. Architectural building schemes have been attempted and achieved in this same material (which so well lends itself to architectural improvisation) such as have never been attempted or achieved before. The other feature of the Exhibition is the extent to which modern ideas of decorative art have been given a free hand. It will be the greatest exposition of our achievement in decorative art that the world has yet had an opportunity of seeing. Most of the merits and some of the defects of the wholesome modern taste, that likes strong and bright colour and clear design, will be illustrated on a scale much greater than anything we have seen before. This it was that made especially interesting my visit the other day, when Mr. Halstead led us through the mud of half-made roads, from one half-finished wonder to another, and tried to explain to inattentive ears the acreage that was covered and the cost that was incurred by this or that piece of embodied courage.

* * *

For to me, at any rate, there is a spirit about an enterprise of this kind that is far more romantic and exciting even than the finished thing itself. It is wonderful to see the huge acreage of the Palace of Industry and the Palace of Engineering—the greatest roofed-in acreage

on the surface of the globe—strewn with such trifles as locomotive engines, weaving looms, distillery plants, railway carriages, soap manufactories, and so forth; and to see under the spreading and all-devouring tide of concrete the rude clay earth breaking through here and there, the railway track that began somewhere in Caithness running into the very heart of the building. It is wonderful to see people fighting and wrestling against time, against material, almost, you would say, against possibility: one man digging, another man blasting, another man riveting, and another gilding some of the finished products of all this digging, blasting and riveting, within a few yards of one another. There is an unfortunate stream called the Wealdstone Brook which wanders through the land on which the Exhibition of Wembley has been planted. This stream in its wanderings seems constantly to have been getting in the way of different exhibitors or engineers. Whenever any such has encountered it, he has hurled it to one side. Flowing innocently in a northerly direction, it got in the way of the engineers of the wonderful non-stop railway, and they instantly sent it flowing eastward, where it threatened the frail foundations of a mosque-like building with walls (of wire and canvas and plaster) six feet thick. It was ignominiously sent off to the southward; and disconsolately burrowing its way through the clay, encountered the railway track on which heavy exhibits were being brought into the Exhibition. Another embankment was made, another channel started, and the muddy stream had to hurry away to the westward, only to be turned back on itself lest it undermine the foundations of the scenic railway or a Lyon's Corner House. Everywhere you come upon this poor muddy rivulet, which had sprung originally somewhere amid the dews and fountains, pursuing its bewildered way through these monstrous erections of the engineering genius, banked back here, dammed up there, surprisingly permitted to flow through this place, suddenly required to be a waterfall and a fishpond in that place, now hidden like a shame in a concrete tunnel, now bejewelled as to its bed by rows of electric lights that will shine through the water. It is wonderful and satisfactory to consider that after all these amazing adventures it does eventually achieve an outlet into the river Brent, and from thence into the Thames, and so out into the open sea. What an escape!

* * *

To me the really interesting thing about a visit like this is that it shows England at work in a kind of eager, passionate, tearing way, that, alas, can be seen nowhere else in our day except at some such enterprise as this. It is heartening to think that probably in no other country in the world could the same kind of difficulties be surmounted, or the same kind of really wonderful results be achieved against comparable obstruction. The courage, the faith, the confidence that make possible a thing of this kind from the moment when it was first sketched out in the brain of the young engineer who has been its constructive genius until it stands to-day on the brink of completion, are qualities in which the English do essentially shine and show their powers. The truth that we are shy and modest, and desire to make nothing of our achievements, must be inferred from the fact that (if we are to believe what the newspapers tell us) nobody outside of England has yet heard of the pass to infinity.

FILSON YOUNG

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI

Some remarkable utterances on statesmanship, on the social problems of Europe, as well as on English and Italian life and character, specially addressed to the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, are contained in the account of a special interview between Signor Mussolini and our Italian Correspondent which will be published in next week's issue of this Review. Copies should be ordered in advance.

SALUTE TO ADVENTURERS

By A DUG-OUT

ONE cannot keep pace with these airmen. Barely fifteen years ago Blériot flew across the Channel; ten years later, almost to a day, Alcock spanned the Atlantic in fourteen hours; a year later still, the brothers Smith flew from Brooklands to Australia. And now Squadron-Leader MacLaren and his two stalwarts are trying to fly clean round the world. So rapid has been the progress of aviation, that I, who only six years ago flew as regularly as to-day—thanks to Mr. Bevin—I must walk, am already in aerial knowledge and ability quite out of date, a "back number," a "dud," a "dug out." It is strange to be a dug-out at twenty-six, humiliating to know that if war were declared tomorrow I should be hopelessly inefficient in the air. One cannot help hearing tales. . . . And when I visit this aerodrome or that (like an aged parent indulgently revisiting the playing fields of his youth), I see machines and manoeuvres that shock my sense of the probable. Watch an aeroplane fly sideways, and talk to me no more of "roll" and "loop" and spinning nose-dive. The winner of the King's Cup last year crossed the line at a speed of over 3½ miles a minute: that is a pace literally to take my breath away. I am indeed left behind, a "wash-out" of the old school, like those decaying colonels who sit in club windows and tell you the army is going to the dogs. My date is relatively that of the Mutiny veteran, and I sit slavering and querulous in my invalid chair, looking out upon a demented generation.

Do not these foolhardy young men, I snap, understand what they are attempting? Do they not realize the dangers and insuperable difficulties? Flying round the world! Do they not know how proud I was, and how exhausted, after but four hours of continuous effort over the enemy lines? Have they never heard how difficult and hazardous a task I had, in '17, to find my way cross-country from Poperinghe to Arras? And these details of their machine and its prodigious engines: low compression, and high compression, and 550 horsepower. In my young days we had but one kind of engine. It was made by the Royal Aircraft Factory at Farnborough, and the word was that it had goldfish in its sump.

But an old soldier may have pride as well as prejudice, and I am stirred—more than by any of your tales of unmapped territories or sinister flocks of slow-moving birds or an undercarriage that may be exchanged at will for a mining engineer—more than by all these I am stirred by the story I have read in my newspaper of the manner in which the leader of this rash endeavour won his first Military Cross. (For he has two, as well as a Distinguished Flying Cross and an Air Force Cross.) This is the official account of the exploit, as reproduced in the Press:

On approaching an enemy aerodrome he observed a hostile aeroplane on the ground preparing to start with pilot and observer in their seats and mechanics holding on to the wings. He descended to 100 ft., dropped a bomb squarely into the machine and blew it up together with the pilot, observer, and mechanics. He then attacked and set fire to a Fokker which was in a hangar.

And this is Squadron-Leader MacLaren, M.C. and bar, D.F.C., A.F.C.'s account of it: "Shoving down a few Hun 'planes and odd things." All this sounds dreadfully immoral to-day, cold-blooded and altogether indefensible; and that word "Hun" falls on the ears like an echo from a world very remote in time. But I am none the less stirred by the repetition of it, and of that shocking story of the bomb squarely dropped; for when I hear them I recall again the excitement and the enthusiasm and the comradeship of those incredible days, and the pride we took in our work. When we said "Hun" we didn't mean

Hun; certainly we never envisaged German airmen as Visigoths and Vandals. "Hun" was to us then merely a distinctive term, like "pheasant" or "grouse"; "Downing the Hun" was a round game for any number of players, and we counted the score at the close of play as one counts the bag at the end of a day's shooting. For flying, you would think the most personal of all forms of modern warfare—often, indeed, true single-handed combat—somehow contrived to remain completely impersonal. It was machines you were "downing," not men, and the fact that human hearts throbbed to the throb of those engines struck you not at all, or only when the combat was completed. In the same way, I remember the seemingly vicious joy one would take in the act of destruction; the vehement delight with which one morning I watched the smoke curling slowly up in immense black coils from a farmhouse I had been the means of setting on fire, curling up and up, with an evil spot of red glowing at its core, and machines reporting it to their headquarters for twenty miles on either flank of the mischief. That seems infamous now, and it seemed infamous then if one thought about it. But superficially it was exhilarating. One was so aloof from the consequences of one's action—as you might say, a little tin god on wings, darting about the heavens visiting the shafts of pain and destruction upon just and unjust with all the crazy indiscrimination proper to omnipotence. . . .

I claim the privileges of my anecdote. Indeed those were vital days, in which the extremes of happiness and pain became inextricably unravelled. There was something of glamour about them, the last flush of a glory which was utterly extinguished in all other kinds of warfare, and must soon die, too, from this swift warfare of the sky. So when I read this isolated story of one man's enterprise and valour, my mind floods full of brave memories. Such men were my fellows and "mine own familiar friends"; and now they are gone upon great adventure, while I, no longer of that world, am left to wonder and applaud. And suddenly I am filled with a nostalgia for the bad old days. But I can only exercise that deathless privilege of all old soldiers, and fade away in the roseate mists of sentiment.

SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF MUSIC . . .

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

WITH very pardonable pride the Royal Philharmonic Society made an occasion of last week's performance of Beethoven's 'Grand Characteristic Sinfonia,' as it was called in the programme of 1825. It is something to have contributed to the creation of one of the greatest masterpieces of music; for though Beethoven had long intended to write such a symphony, it was the inducement of the Society's offer of £50 which set him to work on it. It was something, too, to bring from Vienna the greatest living conductor of Beethoven and ensure thereby that the performance should be worthy of the centenary. And superb it was, so far as the orchestra was concerned.

By happy thought or coincidence the programme included two excerpts from Wagner, another of the great masters whom the Philharmonic Society assisted in his hour of need, and incidentally the one who first really understood the Ninth Symphony. For it constituted a demonstration of two among the many signal services which it has rendered to music in the past and a strong appeal to the imagination of music-lovers to prevent its collapse for want of money. But this appeal need not be based solely upon a good record in the distant past. The Society is no mere relic of a dead age, and the accusation made against it of neglecting its tradition of encouraging

contemporary music is grossly unfair. In the last ten years it has given the first London performances of more than a dozen important new works, both British and foreign. In addition, it has enabled us to hear performances by the great conductors and executants of the day, many of whom have considered themselves sufficiently honoured by an invitation to appear at these concerts to accept that alone as their fee or to abate their usual charge.

Yet, despite its unique position and advantages as a non-commercial concern run by unpaid officials, the sad fact remains that, even with the Queen's Hall filled to capacity, a Philharmonic concert does not yield a sufficient profit to cover the loss upon less popular programmes. In fact, apart from a few recitals by artistes with great popular reputations, no concert in London ever pays its way. The other day I congratulated the giver of a series of really first-class chamber-concerts upon the great artistic success of one of his programmes, which drew a large audience, and added a hope that it was also a financial success. "Oh! yes," he said, "I only dropped about £30 that time!" Nor is it to be supposed that the London Symphony Orchestra, who must rely on outside engagements to recoup the losses on their concerts, or Messrs. Chappell fare any better. It is easy enough to throw mud at Chappell pianofortes and Chappell ballads; but at least they bring in the income which maintains the only permanent orchestra existing in London.

Alone among conductors, Sir Henry Wood has been able to stand out against the pernicious deputy-system, because his orchestra is given sufficient employment throughout the year to make it worth the musicians' while. The result is that this orchestra never falls below a respectable standard, because it is always playing together under the same conductor. I wonder if the general public realize that it is not unusual, even at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society who have done their best to maintain a high standard by paying fees in excess of the trade union rate, for the personnel of the orchestra to differ materially not only from that printed in the programme but from that which was present at the rehearsals. It is, moreover, an almost unheard-of thing for the chorus and orchestra to meet for rehearsal before the performance of a choral work. Under such conditions is it any wonder that we are given such disgraceful performances as that of 'The Hymn of Jesus,' by the Royal Choral Society the other day? The necessity of adequate rehearsal has never been appreciated in England, and foreign conductors, accustomed to more careful preparation, have always been amazed at our methods even while they have praised the extraordinary abilities of English instrumentalists. Let me quote:

"A magnificent orchestra—superb tone—the leaders had the finest instruments I have ever listened to—strong *esprit de corps*—but no distinct style. The fact is, the Philharmonic people consume more music than they can digest. As a rule, an hour's music takes several hours' rehearsal—how can any conductor, with a few hours in the morning at his disposal, be supposed to do justice to these monster programmes?"

Those were the comments made in 1855 by the conductor of the season, Richard Wagner. In fairness I must add that two years before Berlioz wrote to the Society, "For 'Harold' and the 'Carnaval Romain' one rehearsal would be ample *with your orchestra*!" But that was, I suspect, only the Frenchman's effusive way of paying a compliment.

At the present moment the financial outlook is extremely gloomy. More money is needed to support concerts at their present standard, and still more to pay for the extra rehearsals which alone can raise that standard to an unimpeachable level. The Philharmonic Society, with all its prestige and "good-will," is the most suitable body to carry out the improvement. It ought to have a permanent orchestra, which would give both in London and in the provinces performances

finished to the last degree—even in the Ninth Symphony last week there were some ragged entries by the strings, a fault which can only be avoided by careful rehearsal of the individual groups in the orchestra. It will therefore be a great disaster, a presage perhaps of the collapse of all important musical activity in London, if the present opportunity of saving the Society is missed. The old patrons, who generously guaranteed the concerts, have passed away or become impoverished, and the new rich take little interest in the arts. It is, therefore, to the genuine lovers of good music that we must turn for salvation. Are there not in England twelve thousand of these who can spare one pound each? That sacrifice would ensure the continued existence of an organization which has done immense service to music during a period of a hundred and twelve years.

MAH JONGG AND THE IMAGINATIVE MIND

BY HELEN BEAUCLERK

IN the matter of games, round games agreeably expressive of the social instinct, the imaginative person has been hitherto at a disadvantage. He is not the true gambler, the man who insists that his emotions should be hot, strong and frequent; he does not possess the commercial spirit or the powers of simulation and dissimulation which are essential to poker, and the science of auction bridge frankly bores him. Bridge in its extreme forms, he is apt to suggest, is the triumph of the commonplace and he has more than a hint of contempt for the people who continue, day after day and year after year, to pursue the elusive finesse. But whether he adopts a superior attitude or whether he declares, modestly and hypocritically, that his intelligence is not equal to the strain, the result is identical. The auction fanatic flies to his club, the baccarat or roulette player to his casino and the imaginative person is left gameless and alone.

To say that now he has found Mah Jongg he will be for ever satisfied and happy, is perhaps an exaggeration. In common with the other players to whom the game is merely an attractive novelty, he may tire of it, but the fact remains that he is, for the moment, content, and this contentment is surely a more remarkable thing than the frocks and fortunes created by the same means in America. Poets, painters and musicians, who were known to turn in wrath or loathing from the presence of cards, are playing Mah Jongg with perfect serenity. The outward and visible signs of it are flattering to the artistic sense—the beauty of the tiles, the simplicity and dignity of their design, the touch of their ivory and bamboo smoothness, the chirruping sound they make when moved about a table and which has given them the name of "sparrows" in their own place. There is the legend also of the game's origin. Because a certain Chinese philosopher expressed himself in terms that seem more obscure than those of European metaphysicians, his country has become for us the home of all delicate and intricate matters, the abode of men surpassing all others in complexity of thought and refinement of feeling. And it is not enough that our Chinese acquisitions should be, of themselves, beautiful and strange, they must come direct from the Imperial yellow and belong, until the moment of our receiving them, to a select and learned aristocracy. Mah Jongg, we were told, was a pastime enjoyed in the secret palaces of the mandarins; while playing it we are sharing the delights of an ancient court, vastly subtle and vastly wise.

Apart from these aesthetic virtues, Mah Jongg's chief quality would seem to be the nature of the luck involved. In games of pure chance the player is face to face, as it were, with the deity. He is utterly defenceless; Fortune can curse or bless him as she

chooses. There is no sense of participating in the mystery, no fostering of man's desire to guard and guide, to play the god himself. In so-called games of skill, the player on the other hand is entirely responsible for his actions—a circumstance which tends to give him an undue appreciation of his strength and importance and a frequently unpleasant pugnacity. Success, if he achieves it, is a personal thing, altogether his own, and in the event of failure he is still so conscious of spiritual obligation that he is prepared to defend his integrity in the teeth of logic, reason and good manners. But with Mah Jongg neither of these painful situations can arise. The player will not be driven to violent hatred of his fellow-men nor to acute rebellion against fate. He receives a hand which he can develop in any way he pleases, aiming either to win the game, or to score highly, or both. By a process of drawing and discarding he can attempt to shape it to his liking. The element of luck does not cease, as it does in bridge, after the cards are dealt, and he is never left completely at the mercy of his own or his companions' intelligence. By adjusting his powers of judgment to the varying hazards of the game, the worst hand can be improved, the best rounded to perfection. The player is free and yet not free, the game leads him forward by gentle stages, always on tiptoe of expectation, and hope is not lost until the last tile is turned.

The independent position of each player may be another reason why Mah Jongg appeals to the imaginative mind. It is enough for the artist to be bound by the limitations of his art; any other form of subjection irks him and the nervous strain—not to mention the fear of punishment—which partnership implies, frets his sensitive spirit. To Mah Jongg he gives so much and no more of his intellectual liberty. If he makes a mistake he will not seriously disturb his opponents, and he will certainly not draw upon himself torrents of abuse or floods of equally distasteful advice. Meanwhile he will continue to feel that he is exerting a constructive ability that is in no wise dependent on precise mathematical skill, and which is yet sufficiently personal to satisfy his pride.

Mah Jongg has been compared to dominoes, to coon-can, to poker. It might equally be said that the pleasure of collecting groups of three or four pieces, picturesquely named, resembles the innocent joys of "Happy Families," or that the excitement of uttering appropriate cries when completing a series from an opponent's discard, can be found at "Snap." This only goes to prove the simplicity of the game's technique. That the suits should be called bamboos, circles and characters does not greatly complicate the problem. The somewhat lengthy rules of scoring need to be learnt and remembered, but everything else has been made easy. Each tile is numbered and on some American sets the honour pieces entitled dragons, which the Chinese represent by a single sign, are engraved with the actual presentment of the animal. But howsoever subjectively stimulating it may be to imagine a monster where a monster is not, the secret of Mah Jongg's charm does not lie in its difficulty. The constant changes which occur as the hand is built up, and the sense of a leisurely progress towards possible perfection, will account more truly for the enjoyment it brings to imaginative persons than the very moderate complexities of the play itself. The sensation of accomplishing a high hand, unspoilt by inferior sequences and enriched by many doubling honours, may be likened to the sensation of the artist who has produced an entirely satisfying picture. Thanks to his skill and the excellent working of his subconsciousness, he has drawn out of space unknown elements and has put them together in the way he wished. While contemplating the finished result he knows that he has accomplished something akin to magic and that he has done it by the especial will of Providence—he and the deity together.

A FINE MIND

By IVOR BROWN

The Conquering Hero. By Allan Monkhouse. Performed by the Play Actors. March 23. Published by Benn. 5s. (cloth) and 3s. 6d. (paper).

First Blood. By Allan Monkhouse. Benn. 5s. (cloth) and 3s. 6d. (paper).

THE Play Actors did well to perform 'The Conquering Hero.' Their performance was more than a belated acknowledgment of a distinguished dramatist whom London has neglected to its cost. It was also, I venture to prophesy, an affirmation of dramatic values whose importance will be felt hereafter. Mr. Monkhouse is a playwright appealing to the intelligence and he belongs to a school which the intellectuals nowadays affect to despise. His dramatic method is based on realism and individualism. He is (if you must have classifications) an English post-Ibsenite. He observes and analyses; he sees his problem in terms of people, whereas the more modern fashion is to see people in terms of a problem. Such a play as the Stage Society produced last week, 'The Adding Machine,' by Mr. Elmer Rice, is a farrago of abstractions. The central figure was called Mr. Zero, not Mr. Smith, because he was not visualized as a person but as a fragment of the economic order. He was not John Smith, clerk, but a piece of synthetic clerkdom. Mr. Monkhouse, when he builds a play, does not work with standardized parts and slabs of synthetic humanity. He is interested in the mass because it is made up of men, not in men because they compose a mass.

The extravagant post-impressionism of plays like 'The Adding Machine' has come to the stage as it is leaving the studio. Abstract and geometrical painting has had its turbulent day; it now seems as though abstract and geometrical play-writing is to lord it for a while in the intellectual theatre. But its sovereignty will not be long. The production of 'The Conquering Hero' made that crystal-clear. For it showed, beyond a doubt, that naturalism is by no means dead, though it may have been sleeping. In emotional depth and intellectual subtlety there is no comparison between the two plays. Mr. Monkhouse with his gentleness of method silenced completely the fantastic racket of "expressionism." This did not happen merely because Mr. Monkhouse has an exceptionally fine mind, whereas Mr. Rice is not above discharging the obvious as though it were half a ton of bricks. It happens because there is more illumination from a patient candle than from a score of rocketing flares. "Expressionism," by the way, will receive an even more effectual silencer if the Moscow Art Theatre, with its perfectly matured realism, comes to London this summer. In the meanwhile Mr. Monkhouse has given the new stuntsman a necessary lesson in the importance of not being noisy.

'The Conquering Hero' is a full-length study in the psychology of courage, worked out in minutest detail and with no mobilization of the mass-effect. It is dedicated to those who went to the war, hating the war; and its central figure is one who did so. Chris Rokeby is of military stock and when war comes he thinks, Hamlet-wise, precisely on the event. The objections of Chris are neither religious nor political; they are the protest of an artist against external interference, the assertion of an individualist who won't be carried headlong on any social wave. The family argument is a trifling circular, as all such arguments are, but it reveals, through the cursory medium of dialogue in which every word has point, a variety of character that is as delicate in detail as a first-rate etching. Chris can stand the fiery tongues of his family and his enlistment is a surrender to his own intelligence; his military career is varied, chequered by one drop at least into the humiliation of terror. He becomes back broken in nerve, but his humiliation is known to none

but himself; the irony of a triumphant welcome is his reward. He is left to live with his night-mares, to fly, perhaps for ever, from the shadow of his humbled self. The tragedy of the last act has the compassionate quality of Tchechov, though in lucidity and firmness it is far from the Russian mood. Were it played by such a company as Tchechov had, tragic irony would find its summit.

This is not to say that the Play Actors failed the author. Under the direction of Mr. Milton Rosmer, the players did much well and Mr. Nicholas Hannen's impersonation of Chris had great flights of intelligence as well as a majestic emotional groundswell. The rôle of Stephen, the brother, was let drop by miscasting; the very difficult parts of the women were well handled, however, by Miss Florence Buckton and Miss Joyce Kennedy. Mr. Monkhouse had substantial justice. Quite apart from the difficulties of producing a single performance, he is not a dramatist to make things easy for his players. His mind works too finely for that. In the play of his dialogue the simplest sentence takes on subtlety, sometimes excess of subtlety. Formulae will do for the "expressionist" drama; oratory, attitudinizing, and cultivation of the quaint will go far and the rest can be left to dodges of lighting and stage-craft. But in the best kind of realism there are no such easy escapes. Here actor and producer must be sensitive to actuality and yet able by sheer intelligence to inform the particular with the universal.

'First Blood' is a play on the Labour question; it dates back definitely to 1919-20, when a strike might be feared to lead, if not to civil war, at least as far as uncivil skirmishing and random acts of violence. Though our strikes now are being peacefully conducted, the play has a general future relevance as well as a past authenticity. The dramatist's method is the same, a reliance on the curt English of normal conversation to illumine character and point the issues of the social conflict. Where a modern German dramatist would be calling on the producer for all manner of fantastic mass-effects and staging his characters as nameless entities in an army (compare 'Gas,' by Georg Kaiser, produced at Birmingham last autumn), Mr. Monkhouse sticks to plain men and women and the quietude of ordinary talk. He is even less theatrical than was Mr. Galsworthy in 'Strife,' for that author did allow himself the surge and thunder of a strikers' meeting. Mr. Monkhouse has one especial strength as a dramatist, that he can create the sense of strain and conflict by no more imposing a weapon than taut, sinewy dialogue. His whispers become pistol-shots; there is some actual gun-fire in this piece, but it is a secondary matter when matched with the exquisite verbal marksmanship in the first act. The same is true of 'The Conquering Hero.' The true bombardment here comes from the munitions of the mind.

Mr. Monkhouse, accordingly, is a rare example of the English mind going the English way. He has the discipline, the reserve, and the balanced justice of temper that make England seem cold and unimaginative to those who have a taste for facile agonies and exultations. Perhaps he is so honourably afraid of being flashy that he gives his work an unnecessary touch of austerity. Because he concedes nothing to the superficially obvious, he may be charged with a repertory dourness. This dourness, I think, were better spelt dignity: his sadness is scrupulous. But if any of the timid commercial managers were present on Sunday night when 'The Conquering Hero' was being acted, their professional sense should at least have noted the way in which the playwright's quietism (particularly in the debate of the first two acts) held the audience in silent bondage to the issue. Without any of the old-style theatricalism or the new-style fantasifications of technique he "got them," as the saying goes. It was the victory of a fine mind that was not ashamed of its own finesse or nervously masking the cast of thought beneath the meretricious lair of grease-paint.

Correspondence

THE LUXOR TOMB DISPUTE

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

Cairo, March 20

SOME 1,900 years ago Pliny remarked of the Egyptians that they were "*ventosa et insolens natio*," a windy and insolent people, and judging by recent events the criticism is not inapplicable today. The deplorable sequel to the great "find" in the Valley of the Kings has proved that the lack of a sense of proportion and general headiness complained of by the famous Latin is still typical of their mentality. Thus, the dispute over the tomb, with its petty intrigue and *opéra bouffe* sensations, has stirred them far more deeply than did its discovery. Tutankhamen as a link with the age-long past meant nothing to them; the fancied offence against their national amour-propre of a day, everything. But, given the psychological factor, there is unfortunately another influence in the story that deliberately played upon this temperamental weakness of the Egyptian people and turned it to its own ends. It is melancholy to have to trace the trouble in the first instance to the machinations of a group of disgruntled minor British journalists, but such is the irrefutable fact. Neither the local Arabic Press nor the Egyptian public took any serious interest in Mr. Carter's discovery until after Lord Carnarvon's contract with *The Times*, when certain Press correspondents in Egypt, deeming themselves defrauded of their rights, began to stir up the Cairo newspapers. "Was not the tomb the property of the Egyptian people? Mr. Carter was treating it as if it belonged to him. The natural owners were being ignored and the Egyptian Press, which ought to have had first claim to the publicity rights, were excluded from any participation in the triumph," etc. The Egyptian public is uninterested in archaeology and the poison took some time to work, but by degrees the pernicious influence bore fruit, the question—as all such questions do in Egypt—became a political one, and finally in obedience to the popular clamour the Antiquities Department, under instructions from the Ministry of Public Works, embarked on the campaign of pin-pricks and persecution which they have diligently pursued ever since Mr. Howard Carter resumed operations at Luxor last October. One fact, however, which is not generally known, must be remembered in this connexion. Mr. Carter is the innocent victim of *The Times* contract. He disapproved of it from the first—not only on scientific grounds, but because he anticipated the political trouble to which it has given rise, but having inherited the burden he has supported it loyally to the last ditch.

The whole story, although tragic for the cause of Egyptian archaeology, is a comedy of errors, but it is only right that the initial responsibility should be traced to its muddy source, Press jealousy, the spite of rival archaeologists and departmental malice. Mr. Carter is not the *homme difficile* that his detractors portray. Had he resisted the first encroachment of the Ministry of Public Works, the disastrous sequel might have been avoided, but obsessed with the scientific aspect of his work he was in the beginning propitiatory, and it was not till the insidious attacks goaded him beyond endurance that he flung caution to the winds, and displayed in the Winter Palace Hotel at Luxor his gage of defiance, which threw into hysterics half the noisy "patriots" of the country. Egypt, thus insulted, was moved to vengeance. The fantasia on the occasion of the opening of the tomb, at which unfortunately Lord Allenby was present, was the shape this vengeance assumed. "A windy and insolent people," observed the learned Pliny two thousand years ago, and surely their childish *tour de force* on this occasion, in relation to so stupendous an event, goes to prove that they are as deserving of the title to-day.

Science knows no frontiers, political or otherwise, and Mr. Carter cares not at all for the title deeds of nations, for self-determination or the fourteen points. The great business of his life is with the hidden mysteries of the earth, to wrest from the past its secrets and link up the story of mankind by the concrete witness of stone and rock and uncharted sepulchre. He may well, we think, be forgiven a temporary lapse of patience when called from this high pursuit to consider whether the pundits of a local kingdom, through consanguinity with the Pharaoh, were entitled to impose restrictions on his great undertaking. His action in locking the tomb was symbolical, not of his disregard of the rights of the Egyptian people, but of any amateur or unqualified persons to interfere with the universal task upon which he was set.

There is no doubt that in thus making a political business of a magnificent archaeological discovery, which has doubled the value of their antiquarian possessions, the Egyptian Government has dealt a fatal blow at scientific research in the whole Valley of the Nile. However the case ends, whether in favour of Mr. Carter or the Government, it must act as a warning and discouragement to future archaeologists. If politics are to be allowed to intrude into such matters the scope of discovery is limited at once, and as Egypt is perhaps the richest field in the world for research of this nature, it behoves her rulers to seek a wider perspective, and to take a rightful pride in the exploitation of her unlimited treasure trove for the benefit of the whole race of mankind.

WIRELESS AND THE POET

TO the poet, starved of beauty and harmony by his fellow-creatures, who seeks solitude only to find the unrest of loneliness, and lack of the thought that kindles, surely the music provided by the British Broadcasting Company, when it is in a discerning mood, must open a new world of delight. To many a poet the art of music is something of a divine mystery, to be approached reverently and fearfully; and just as a church with bad architecture, florid windows, and rows of plain and pompous persons, will suffocate his soul, so does a concert-hall deaden his senses. He would have his music alone and in happy surroundings, knowing that no eye can see whether he is shaken by tears, exaltation or joy; he would feel the music possessing him utterly, all consciousness of the visible world netted in by sound; music descending in great, crashing, invigorating chords on the deadness of his spirit, or gently filling the dark places of his heart with sunlight and flowers, or weaving intricate patterns to enchant his mind. And this is now possible for him. Having chosen one of the many fortunate evenings when the programme director seems especially to have divined his needs, the poet will take that little instrument of wonder, the head-phone, adjust it comfortably, turn off his electric light, and luxuriously, by the leaping flames of his fire, or the open window of a summer's evening, give himself to music with a completeness perhaps unknown to frequenters of concert-halls, with their crowds and their stuffiness, their uncomfortable seats, hideous decorations, and hundred irritations and distractions.

To the genuine musician, the technical musician, "Wireless" music must at present prove unsatisfactory, for tone and quality are not faithfully transmitted, and orchestral effects are often blurred and unintelligible; but the poet, who usually listens more with his heart than with his head, will forgive these shortcomings, being less affected by them; and he will be content to sink criticism in emotion while he dreams to the vibrations of the ether-waves as they pass to infinity.

Letters to the Editor

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

A CONTROVERSIAL BOOK

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In last week's number of the SATURDAY REVIEW there was a review of Mr. Servier's book 'Islam and the Psychology of the Mussulman.' This review terminates with the statement that "Mr. Servier has produced a profound and interesting book." It appears very evident from this review and several others that the words "profoundly interesting" cannot be truthfully applied. The book in fact appears to be no more than the maniacal raving of a fanatic, and doubtless, if Mr. Ameer Ali thought it worth while, he would demolish the wild statements of the author in the course of a few pages. Over the much-debated question of birth among the many leading characters of Islamic civilization one will find some are pure Arabs, some half Arabs and some without any Arabian blood. Similarly one no doubt can find several of the most brilliant Greeks and Romans were of foreign extraction, the "father of historians" himself being a Persian. But nevertheless, whether Persian, Tunisian, Berber, or Arabian, ninety-nine per cent. of the Saracenic professors were Mussulmans.

There is no such thing as one absolutely racial civilization but as we have named periods as the eras of Grecian and Roman civilization, so we cannot withhold it from the Arabs and Egyptians, and I quote the following to show that the credit of Greek civilization was founded on knowledge derived from external sources :

To the question of what was the origin of this civilization : It is clear on one hand that it was developed by a gradual process of differentiation from a culture which was common to the whole Aegean basin, and extended as far to the west as Sicily.

It is equally clear also that foreign influences contributed largely to the process of development. Egyptian influences in particular can be traced through the Minoan and Mycenaean periods.

But to my mind and to the majority of people, unblinded by religious intolerance, who have seen the remains of Mussulman art in Spain and in India, in Persia and in Morocco, it appears very certain there was a period fit to be entitled Arabian civilization and which in the realm of literature alone probably deserved that title, and that this era can be recognized as a link between the civilizations of Greece and Rome, and the awakening from the dark ages of Europe. The idea of chivalry, until quite recently one of our proudest Western possessions, came from Arabia, and, as we know, Antar the hero of that country has been called "the father of chivalry."

The Mussulman religion as originally propagated is essentially tolerant and civilizing, the laws regarding women and slavery having only been introduced in Europe during the nineteenth century ! The Caliph Ali (whom no doubt Mr. Servier will prove to be an Ethiopian) said : "The ink of the scholar is more valuable than the blood of a martyr." What, then, at the present day makes so many Mussulman nations fanatical and ignorant? Let me give Professor Westermarck's reply, when I stated to him how ignorant and fanatical the inhabitants of Morocco seemed to be :

It is their defence against the inroads of Christianity, the bloody spirit of the Crusades and Inquisition. Since Bagdad was sacked and the Mussulmans of Spain were exiled, one by one their countries have fallen into the hands of the "Nasrani," and more and more they tended towards fanaticism and hatred as the only common means to bind their tolerant millions together.

But as to the Berbers whom one day Mr. Servier hopes will listen to the French propaganda informing them of the evils of Arabs and Islam? They are not likely to achieve any success among that nation, while their methods of protection recall the marauding exploits of certain Arab governors 1,100 years ago, and their method of governing recalls the period of the Middle Ages in Europe, beneath the outward show of tranquillity and pacifism !

Let us in these days of hatred attempt to heal the differences between these two great religions rather than accentuate them ; realizing what both have done and where both have failed for the advancement of humanity. Let us rectify the errors of the past in place of reawakening the embers of the Crusades, and let us not forget that no civilization ever suffered such a complete annihilation as those of Bagdad, Turkey, to whom Mr. Servier also turns for aid against Islam, being the least Islamic, is also recognized as the least cultured of the Mussulman races, and during the period of the Turkish Caliphate has been the deterrent force of all progress, and it was the Turkish Mamelukes at the Court of Bagdad who were among the first to rise against the spirit of reason.

In finishing let me turn an extract, in reference to the Arabs, of Mr. Servier against himself :

He has passed it all through the sieve of his narrow mind, and being incapable of rising to high philosophic conceptions, he has distorted, mutilated and desiccated everything.

Does there lie behind Mr. Servier's book the bigotry of Catholicism? At any rate it appears to me that it would be better for humanity if all the copies were stacked and burnt, than it was when Cardinal Ximenes consigned to the fire 80,000 volumes in manuscript at Cordona.

I am, etc.,

R. GORDON-CANNING

19 Cadogan Square, S.W.1

'BACK TO METHUSELAH'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Knowledge falls into two categories, creation and the discovery as to how creation comes about. Criticism is the discovery of that how, and satire adds a why. We are all acquainted with the eager whys of children, though repetition changes eagerness into querulousness. 'Back to Methuselah' is querulous, a reiterated question, "Why did the twentieth century create itself?"

Mr. Shaw presents us with the controversy between mind and matter over which every man and nation has haggled from infinite biological periods to the bitter shop-counter traffic of Europe to-day. England, breaking up under the weight of her own traditions or, better, superstitions, is asked to choose between the materialism of America and the Socialist mind of Russia. Strange that few are so violent as our Socialists in demanding the material help of America. According to Mr. Shaw, nineteen hundred odd struggle for matter while thirty-one thousand odd will desire only mind. Our choice is between the life of a midge and that of a mountain, the fret of a moment and the silence that is in the lonely hills.

It is fashionable to write pamphlets about our pet theories and call them plays or novels. Human blood is necessary to give life to ideas ; it is yet true that a man must die for the people. Indeed, the problem of the irreconcilability of human nature with what is good for humanity is as fascinating as the contemplation of two parallel straight lines which meet at infinity. Mr. Shaw gives us that infinity—almost. Even in his cold empire of mind his ancients say, "History repeats itself," and still children spend their childhood crying, "This shall not be for us"; but it is so.

As a writer, Mr. Shaw, with Oscar Wilde, is licensed to chaff artists in other lines. Mind is free to ridicule those arts that depend so much on matter for their expression. It is Shakespeare, however, who champions matter—"Sermons in stones, books in the

running streams"—and the word is confounded by itself.

Mr. Shaw still likes to give us stones for bread, though his "wrappings" are frequently so fascinating that we do not trouble about the stone. In 'Methuselah' the stone is the fascination; its coldness and hardness and brilliance are again almost a compensation and it is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone." But blasphemy is witness. 'Back to Methuselah' may be inartistic propaganda, yet there is truth in the statement that we are pessimistic and cynical because we will think in years and centuries when we should think in epochs.

I am, etc.,

St. Helens, Hastings

V. E. H.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT SPANISH SHAWLS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I should like to say a few words in reply to Mrs. John Walter's interesting letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of March 15.

When I defined the points of a good shawl (and of a bad one) I ought to have made it clear that the important thing is that the fringe should be the original one. As the original fringes were never heavy nor deeply knotted, I laid stress on this, and also a little overstated the case. Mrs. Walter's criticisms have made me examine carefully the fringes on our shawls, and I find that the knotted part varies from about 1 inch to as much as 3 inches in an extreme case.

I think the earlier the shawl the narrower the knotted part of the fringe—ultimately a fashion arose for a very deep and heavy fringe, and then it was that "the heavy fringes knotted to the depth of about five inches" were added by your correspondent's friends to their "perfect examples of old family shawls."

I, for one, groan, and wish they had limited their energies to the household linen. At any rate, shawls so "improved" are no longer perfect examples.

What does the bibliophile say to the owner of a rare book in a fine contemporary binding who has it richly rebound?

As to the wearing of Spanish shawls. There are two ways of folding a shawl, and when folded there is just one way to put it on. . . . the classic way. I'm afraid that tales of "buñoladas in different parts of Spain," and "fashions that vary from region to region," don't impress me, for I know that out of Andalusia I shouldn't see anything comparable to what I used to study when, under the guidance of such enthusiasts as Don Francisco Bravo, I learnt to understand something of what is implied in the words *lo clásico*.

I am, etc.,

GERALD KELLY

PROUST—THE MORAL PROBLEM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I had hoped that someone with an abler pen than mine would challenge "Librarian's" condemnation of Marcel Proust's 'La Prisonnière' in the SATURDAY REVIEW a fortnight ago. Nothing could be more unjust to this sensitive writer than an accusation that he revels in "filth." I wonder if "Librarian" can point out any definitely pornographic passage in the whole work. It is true that Proust deals with facts whose existence is known to all educated persons; but he treats them as material for his art and not as a means of pandering to lubricity. His portrait of M. Charlus, while sympathetic in the best sense, does not carry with it approbation of his conduct; rather he implicitly condemns it. Charlus becomes, as the book proceeds, more and more odious, despite his superficial attractiveness and intelligence; but, as drawn by Proust's masterly hand, he remains a great comic figure, and, in this last volume, rises to the height of tragedy. "Librarian's" attack reminds one amusingly of the execration that was poured upon

Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary,' or upon Shaw, when he published 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.' 'A la Recherche du Temps Perdu' is no more an argument in favour of this particular form of vice than 'Madame Bovary' was a defence of adultery or Shaw an advocate of brothels.

I must protest also against "Librarian's" statement that Proust has no style. It is true that we do not find in his writing those particular qualities for which we esteem other great French novelists, in particular the school of Flaubert. But style is not of one kind only, and if the "heat" (as George Moore has recently called it in reference to a very different writer) which is generated by Proust's writing—that surging undercurrent running beneath the individual sentences like a tide beneath the waves, which carries the reader on through page after page—is not a mark of style, I know not what style is. If "Librarian," or any others who doubt me, will re-read the scene of Charlus's exposure at the Verdurin's, or, if they prefer some passage where the moral question does not enter, the description in 'Swann' of the narrator's first vision of Gilberte or in 'A l'ombre des Jeunes Filles' of Odette walking in the Champs, perhaps they will alter their opinion of Proust's literary powers.

I am, etc.,

DARRELL HEWTH

A PLEA FOR GOOD COFFEE

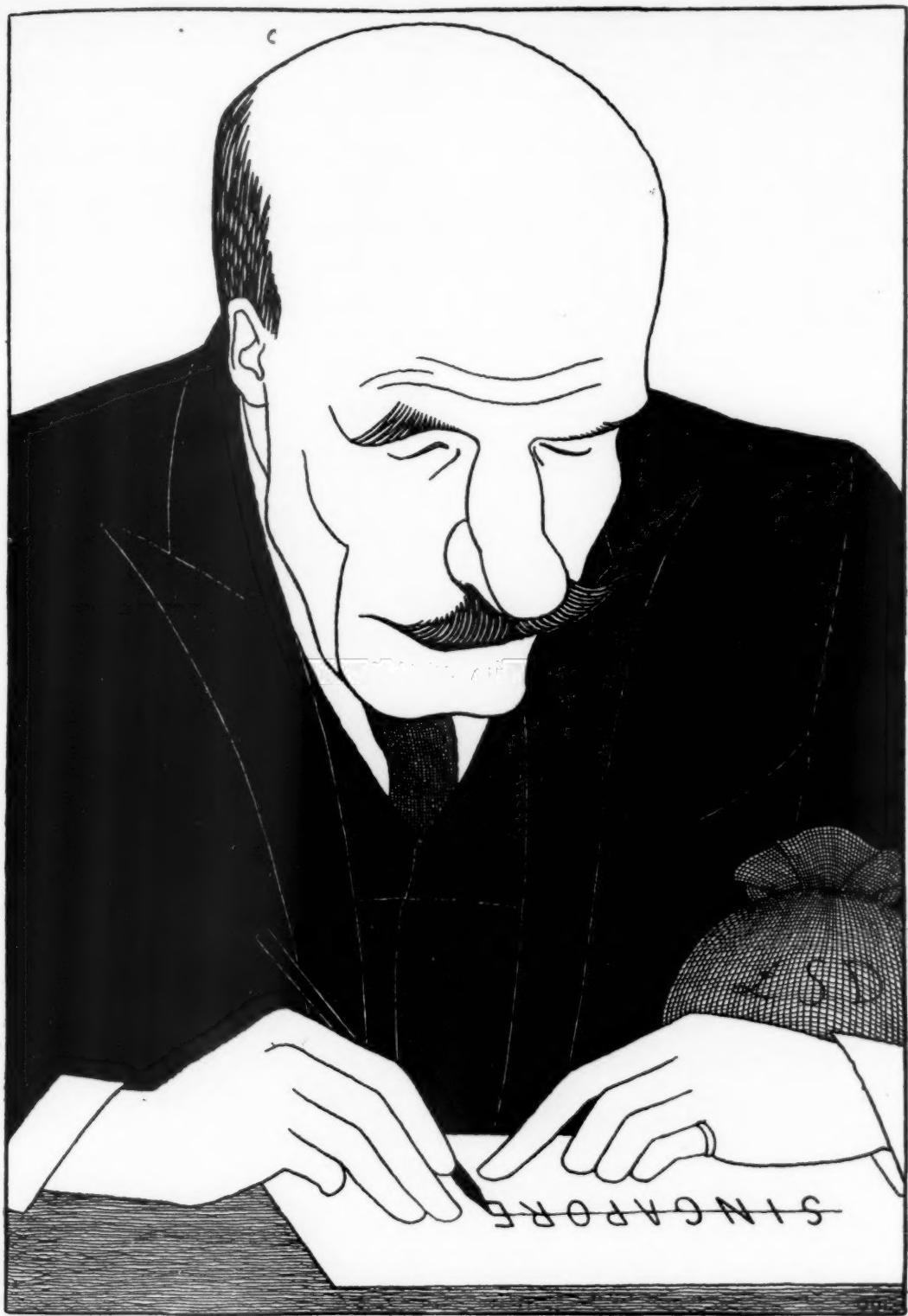
To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I was glad to notice in a recent number of one of the London journals some correspondent's complaint of the poor coffee to which he was treated in England. He must have been an American, I think. For such complaints are very common on this side of the water. That is to say, among cultured Americans, who are accustomed to good coffee. For, to be sure, there are millions of Americans, as there are of Britons, who are not a bit "particular," but who gulp down their so-called "corfey" just as they gulp down any other beverage. As a rule, however, the few millions of Americans who travel, and who care most to see London and Paris, are genuine lovers of good coffee, and are sticklers for the best American blend. And, as a rule, they have every reason to complain as they do. For I know from experience what English coffee is, and what it is not. Besides, the same complaint holds good against English coffee, or British coffee, and its want of "blend," throughout the British Empire. Not even our nearest British neighbour, Canada, would seem to know how to make good coffee; but, like England and the rest of the British Commonwealths, excels only in tea. Even in such fine cities as Toronto, Montreal, and Ottawa, it is difficult to get a really good cup of coffee.

Now I should think it would be well worth while for London, at all events, to wake up and bestir itself in this matter, seeing that there must needs be an immense inpour of Americans this summer, because of the approaching Empire Exhibition. For if these visitors find it impossible to get their favourite breakfast coffee in the best London hotels, they will make short shift of it and hurry off to Paris instead.

But why, pray, should not the English make good coffee? They were, in the past—as far back as in the Elizabethan period—a coffee-drinking and coffee-loving people. At least, the *literati* were. It cannot be that the British coffee, in itself, or in the berry, is inferior; it must be that it is a mere question of blending, or a lack of skill therein. The fact is that good coffee, in American estimation, must have the chocolate blend, or colouring—at any rate, for those who do not take it clear.

Speaking of breakfast coffee, reminds me of our American fad for grape fruit for breakfast. Here we do not customarily make nearly such heavy breakfasts as you do in England. We prefer fruits and the lighter viands, and good coffee, and care for little else. Why



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, NO. 92

MR. C. G. AMMON, M.P.
PARLIAMENTARY AND FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY
By 'QUIZ'

then should not England and the British world adopt the American and French coffee habit and cultivate the American blend? It might add to the gaiety of nations, as well as conduce to the relief of heavy British moods. It might also conduce to better mutual international understanding, particularly among all English-speaking peoples.

Perhaps, too, if your now thoroughly democratic England were to adopt outright the Scotch system of national education, it might be particularly well for Great Britain, and for the British and American world generally. But, of course, that is England's own business, however, or in what degree, it may concern the rest of us. But as to coffee, that remains a burning question, and one which concerns Americans particularly. With apologies for any seeming presumption in thus criticizing English coffee and ventilating an opinion of the English national educational system,

I am, etc.,
EDWIN RIDLEY

A LITERARY COINCIDENCE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—This may conceivably interest some of your readers who enjoy a literary coincidence.

Ten years ago I wrote a novel called 'The Dream Friend,' and afterwards turned it into a play called 'The Way Out.' The story was briefly this: The heroine was married to a hopeless drug-taker and drunkard, cowardly, degenerate and unfaithful. Her friends urged her to leave him, but she felt that her duty to him, and to her little son, compelled her to bear her lot. A devoted friend and admirer of hers—a man—decided that the husband must be eliminated. In coming to this conclusion he had no selfish feelings at all, his only object being to free his friend (and society) of a pest and enable her to marry another man whom he knew to be in love with her. In the first instance he urged the degenerate to commit suicide, as being an incurable victim to his habits; but he had not the courage to take the advice. Upon this the hero contrived to be left alone for some days with the unhappy creature, poisoned him with prussic acid put into a drink, and arranged matters so that it seemed to be a case of suicide.

From what I read in the papers, this story seems particularly like Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's new play, 'The Fake,' the "problem" of which is, I understand, causing some discussion.

My play was submitted in 1915 to Sir George Alexander, who considered it "too grim" for him; to Mr. Granville Barker, who wrote me a polite letter, and to Miss Horniman, who wrote me a cross one, comparing me disadvantageously with Henrik Ibsen, with whom I had had no thought of competing. It is still by me in manuscript; but the novel was published in the same year by Mr. John Long, and the "problem" was then referred to in the *Times Literary Supplement*, the *Athenaeum*, and other papers.

I do not say that the tale is a very unusual one, but it is amusing to see how closely some of the details chance to come together.

I am, etc.,
VALENTINE GOLDFIE
11 St. Albans Mansions, Kensington Court
Place, W.8

BEAU BRUMMELL'S LETTERS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I venture to beg the hospitality of your columns to ask any of your readers who may possess letters of Beau Brummell to be so vastly obliging as to allow me to insert copies in my forthcoming biography of the dandy. Any letters sent to me, c/o Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, E.C.4, will be returned within a few days.

I am, etc.,
West End Lane, N.W.6 LEWIS MELVILLE

Reviews

ART, LIFE AND RELIGION

The Necessity of Art. Edited by Percy Dearmer. Student Christian Movement. 7s. 6d. net.

"THE object of art is not to give pleasure, but to express the highest spiritual realities. Art is not only delightful; it is necessary." In these words the editor presents the theme of the six essays here assembled. Mr. Dearmer himself analyses the historical relation of Christianity and art, and sums up the symposium in 'The Doctrine of Values'; Mr. Duncan Jones writes on the 'Art of Movement'; Mr. Malcolm Spencer on 'The Puritan Objection to Art'; Mr. A. W. Pollard on the 'Artist and the Saint'; Mr. Middleton Murry on 'Literature and Religion'; and the late Arthur Clutton Brock, in an introductory essay on 'Art and the Escape from Banality,' reveals how much his eager enthusiasm, generous humanity and felicity of phrase inspire the whole volume. The book, indeed, may be regarded as an exposition of an ideal identified with his name—the reconciliation of taking all the joy and beauty offered by life, with practice of the Christian faith. Its writers display an impressive earnestness and sincerity; together with the weakness that marked so much of Brock's own writing, the use of vague, sweeping generalizations which leave matters much where they stood before, and sometimes crumble under the test of fact. At the root of the essays lie two assumptions: that aesthetic and religious experience are almost identical, and that art is the material embodiment of religious experience. Mr. Pollard, for instance, begins by stating that "fundamentally, the psychology of science, religion, and art is all one"; and Mr. Murry holds that "literature, which is a manifestation of the same soul whose deepest anatomy is contained in religion, must inevitably be knit up with and be indissolubly bound to religion. Religion and literature are branches of the same everlasting root." Add to these premises the assumption (or axiom, if you will) that religion in some form is necessary to life, and the conclusion follows that art is equally necessary. This may be true enough, but does not take us very far. The essential question unanswered is, What, if any, are the distinctive and peculiar elements which aesthetic experience can give to life, and wherein does their value lie? If the answer is that no such elements exist, the case for art is of the weakest. At best, it merely understudies religion, and we are driven to some such conclusion as that of Mr. Murry when he says, "In those periods of human history when religion is at once superbly organized and close to its own living centre, the creative impulse of literature might well be enfeebled because the need it satisfies is less urgent"; or to the position of Mr. Dearmer that movements in art are bound up with and inspired by movements in man's other activities, a theory summed up in the phrase, "Art is an interpreter of history." Quite apart from the fact that these views are in sharp contradiction, the one implying that with religion at its height, art may well be at its lowest, the other that when religion flourishes, art does likewise, both appear to be based on insufficient or biased reading of the facts. Mr. Murry, for example, seems to be driven to the view that the greatest literature is Romantic literature, using Romanticism to describe the assertion of the ego against all external authority; and consequently that, after Shakespeare, the next great literary figures are Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Thus, we find that after all Mr. Murry's tastes are his chief argument; and a critic with an enthusiasm for Corneille and Racine might with equal authority reach exactly opposite conclusions. Meanwhile, to support his argument, Mr. Dearmer has to separate Christianity from the Christian Church; and to reconcile the artistic achievements of 1430 to 1530 with his point of view assures us that the greatest humanists were also good

Christians, despite the Church in Italy being pagan and persecuting. Again, it may be that "a great art existed before the improvements in technique inaugurated by Giotto; but when we are told that "these improvements had no more to do with Paganism than Byzantine and Romanesque architecture," we can only hope, in view of the character of the Roman and South Italian Renaissance which preceded Giotto, that the author means that Paganism had a good deal to do with the matter. Similarly, we find Mr. Dearmer driven to exalt the aesthetic quality of the Catacomb paintings and of early Christian sculpture in the West, while in fact they are the rags and bones of a decadent Hellenistic art. More remarkable still, however, is the discovery that "little is parallel to its [Christendom's] sculpture, outside the genre of a short period." Little, perhaps, if we except the sculpture of Egypt, Mesopotamia, China, Japan, and of Central and South America.

This kind of argument is not likely to further appreciably the aims of the book. In fact, the more closely the relation of art to the other activities of life is investigated, the more obscure and difficult it becomes. The evidence seems to point to the spirit of man as expressed in art moving with a rhythm of its own not very simply or directly connected with the other sides of life. This points to the necessity of art resting, not only on its equivalence to religion, but to its providing a religious experience of a special kind which has an independent share in the search for spiritual perfection; and as Mr. Murry hints, this proceeds from the fact that art is primarily concerned with relations, with the establishment of order and rhythm in a disorganized, chaotic nature.

THE RED WAR ON RELIGION

The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity. By Captain Francis McCullagh. Murray. 18s. net.

THE advertisement on the cover of this intensely interesting book does well to remind us that when, about a year ago, the British Government protested against the Bolshevik persecution of Christian prelates in Russia, the spokesmen of the Soviet Government stated that there was no persecution. Some people, particularly in the ranks of Labour, believed that statement in the absence of sufficient proof to the contrary, but they will no longer be able to do so, for Captain McCullagh presents certain absolute proofs of its falsity. The title of his book is a little misleading, as he himself admits. He has not written anything like a complete history of the persecution or rather persecutions, the reason being that a full picture of them would have to be as large a work as that which M. Paul Allard devoted to the persecutions under Diocletian. For such a prodigious undertaking the author tells us that he has neither the time nor the training required. His book is in three parts. The first deals chiefly with the Bolshevik attack on the Russian Orthodox Church, the persecution of its head, the Patriarch Tikhon, and the founding of the schismatic "Red Church." The second and largest part consists of an exhaustive account of the trial of Mgr. Cieplak, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Petrograd, fourteen of his clergy, among whom was Mgr. Budkiewicz, afterwards executed, and one layman. Captain McCullagh was present during the whole of the proceedings, and took very full notes of everything that occurred. The third part is concerned with the position now of the Christian Churches in Russia.

It was while acting as Correspondent of the *New York Herald* that Captain McCullagh obtained in Russia the facts set forth in this volume. He writes as a journalist, not as a lawyer used to the sifting of evidence. Further, it may be alleged against him that he is biased in his view of Bolshevism because of what

he underwent at the hands of the Bolsheviks when he was captured in Siberia two or three years ago—he wrote a vivid account of his experiences and of what he saw of the working of the Soviet system in a former book, 'A Prisoner of the Reds.' Yet making every allowance, no one can read the present book without coming to the conclusion that what he states is not only true but convincingly put. The first part is a little discursive, but it shows clearly enough that the Bolshevik attack on the Orthodox Church was a deliberate and sustained effort, of the most sinister and unscrupulous kind, to replace religion and its teaching by Communism of the Bolshevik type. If the schismatic Red Church was encouraged by the Soviet, it was with the object of dividing and discrediting the Orthodox Church, of which, however, Captain McCullagh, evidently more in sympathy with Western Christianity, does not profess to have a high opinion. Anyhow, it was terrorized into submission, after bearing the brunt of the Bolshevik assaults.

Captain McCullagh allots far more space to the persecutions to which the Roman Catholics in Russia were subjected, and is loud in his admiration of the undaunted front Archbishop Cieplak and the others who were tried with him presented to the Soviet Prosecutor Krylenko and the far from impartial judges who aided and abetted him. Krylenko indulged in long and bitter attacks on religion: "I spit on your religion," he yelled to the Archbishop, and this is the veritable Bolshevik attitude towards religion. In parts the narrative of this trial rises into sheer dramatic intensity, and it has always to be remembered that the author is describing what he saw and felt himself; it is not something got at second hand, as, of course, most of the first section of this book is. The Archbishop and Mgr. Budkiewicz were sentenced to death and the others to various terms of imprisonment. Budkiewicz was shot, but the sentence on the Archbishop was commuted to one of ten years' imprisonment, as the result of protests to the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs from Britain, France, Italy, the United States, and many other countries. It was on his behalf and on behalf of the others who are languishing in Soviet prisons that the Pope recently requested Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to make representations to Moscow with a view to their release. In the House of Commons on March 17, Mr. MacDonald, replying to a question, said he could do nothing officially, but would take advantage of any suitable opportunity of making friendly, unofficial representation to the Soviet Government. And so the matter stands.

NORWEGIAN LITERATURE

Chapters in Norwegian Literature. By Illit Gröndahl and Ola Rankes. Gyldendal. 16s. net.

M. GRÖNDHAL is the lecturer in Norwegian at the University of London, and this handsome volume is the earliest public outcome of the Department of Scandinavian Studies started in Gower Street in 1918, and presided over until his death by the late lamented W. P. Ker, to whose memory the book is appropriately dedicated. The lectures here brought together are intended to form an introduction to the study of Norwegian Literature, a subject by no means bounded, as some people vainly suppose, by Ibsen on the one side and Björnsen on the other. Mr. Gröndahl begins with a study of Holberg, which is a tempting way of begging the question, since that great writer, although actually born in Norway, belongs entirely to Denmark in his work and influence. Indeed, it is not quite certain that historians of Norwegian literature have any right to start earlier than 1814, at the moment when Norway became an independent country. The accident of colonial birth, however, brings in Wessel, which is a convenience to critics.

Pure Norwegian literature opens with Henrik Wergeland, who, long neglected and misunderstood, begins more and more to stand out as a great national figure. Mr. Gröndahl's estimate of this genuine, though turbid and feverish poet, is excellent, and has the additional merit of moderation. It does not encourage the wilful eulogy now frequent among Norwegian writers, who do not hesitate to class Wergeland with Shelley, Goethe and Tolstoy. (See Professor Collin's really preposterous claim on page 73 of the present volume.) At the same time the authors are scrupulously just to Welhaven, Wergeland's implacable enemy and rival, who was an admirable poet of the academic class. We are more than half way through the volume before we reach the great twin-brethren, Björnsen and Ibsen, who are adequately treated. The chapter on the living writers of Norway, of whom Knut Hamsun is the most prominent, is brief but competent. The authors note, but do not explain, the almost entire disappearance of lyrical poetry from the Norwegian literature of the present century. The only lyrical writer of the least importance, who has risen since Björnsen, is Niels Collett Vogt, who must be sixty years of age. The modern Norwegian is a realist who has no use for song.

MEDIEVAL WARFARE

A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages.
By Charles Oman. Methuen. Two vols. 36s. net.

FOR more than a quarter of a century Sir Charles Oman's classical treatise on medieval warfare has remained a tantalizing fragment—tantalizing, because in the original preface the accomplished author adumbrated the plan which no living scholar was better qualified to carry out. That book was intended, he told us in the preface of 1898, to form the second volume of a series of four in which he proposed to give "a general sketch of the history of the art of war from Greek and Roman times down to the beginning of the nineteenth century." Other, and possibly more useful occupations, alike civic and literary, have diverted Sir Charles Oman from the completion of this fascinating task, and the appearance of this new and extended edition of the medieval section gives us no promise that the rest of the work will ever be undertaken. It is a painful commentary on the inability of the book-buying public to know a good thing when they get it that the author incidentally mentions that it took some twenty years to exhaust the former edition, "which finally went out of print at the end of the Great War." Yet it was not only a brilliant and epoch-making study which filled a serious gap in our historical literature, but a most entertaining narrative, full of romantic and little-known episodes. To lament that this lack of encouragement has prevented us from seeing Sir Charles Oman's original plan completed would be an example of the well-known Scotch fault of "sinning our mercies," and we must be content to express gratification that he has now brought down his narrative from the Peace of Bretigny to the end of the Wars of the Roses, and thus covered the whole of the Middle Ages.

In this new edition six books have been added to the eight previously published, and the length of the work is nearly doubled. Sir Charles Oman has not found it necessary to make much alteration in his first volume, although he has incorporated the results of much research in the last generation. The chief serious alteration is in the account of the Battle of Bannockburn, where he has been convinced by the arguments brought forward in 1909 by Mr. W. M. Mackenzie, that the traditional site of the battle was not the true one. It is now generally admitted that the English army did not attack across the stream of the Bannock and over the famous line of "pot-holes"

which Bruce had dug in preparation for such an attack. They probably crossed the Bannock somewhere in the neighbourhood of Crookbridge, the night before the battle, and advanced on Bruce's position from the north-west, thus compelling the Scotch army, awaiting attack from the south, to abandon its carefully-prepared entrenchments and make a right-about face, which it did with a success of which we suppose that Englishmen and Scotchmen are nowadays equally proud. The convincing argument is the general agreement of contemporary historians that Edward fled from the lost field by Stirling Castle, which on the traditional assumption he could only have done through the victorious Scotch ranks—an achievement hardly in consonance with his character, though Wallace might have tried it. Another point in regard to which Sir Charles Oman has revised his work is in regard to the size of the armies engaged in most of the medieval battles, which there was formerly a tendency to over-rate; thus at Bannockburn he has reduced his estimate of the English forces from "more than fifty thousand men" to fifteen or eighteen thousand foot and three thousand horse. There can be little doubt that this is nearer the truth, as medieval chroniclers went more by opinion than by "states."

The new part of the work, which occupies most of the second volume, contains some of Sir Charles Oman's best writing and most careful research. We may call special attention to the admirable account of the Swiss military history in Book 11, where in fifty pages we have a clear and convincing description of the causes which led to the recognition of the Swiss as "the most formidable infantry in the world." Sir Charles Oman has a special skill in the concise but romantic narration of battles, which makes even a brief summary like this one as readable as a novel. There is, in another style, a very valuable essay on the introduction of gunpowder and cannon into European warfare. Book 12, on Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a most entertaining commentary on Macaulay's well-known account of the methods by which the mercenaries of the period had reduced war to a business in which "a pitched battle seems to have been really less dangerous than an ordinary civil tumult," when two well-equipped armies could fight from morning till evening with three or four casualties, and when the professional soldiers of Italy protested with genuine indignation against the tactics of the brutal French invaders who actually thought that to kill as many enemies as you could was a fair method of waging war.

PATTERNS

The Common Weal. By the Right Hon. Herbert Fisher, M.P. Milford. 7s. 6d. net.

IS human nature to be measured up or is it capable of being fitted by any standard patterns of philosophical or sociological tailors? Is the soul of man or nations to be mapped out in *a priori* treatises by theorists, however refined? Every age has produced a type of able minds that believes this to be possible and profitable. In the theologized Middle Ages the schoolmen thought so. In the Huguenot upheavals of the mid-sixteenth century a number of acute critics, from L'Hôpital to Mornay, thought so. So thought the free lances, whether philosophic or sentimental, of the eighteenth century. And so evidently thinks our present and pleasant author in these discursive lectures delivered in the spring of last year before the University of Glasgow. The book is in itself both captivating and suggestive, its style unpedantic, and its message elevated. But the general effect left on our minds is that amid much good sense and a studied impartiality in surveying many outlooks, it both attempts too much and too little. It almost asks us to consider from every aspect what a good citizen should be till that

generalized model fits the particular kind of abstract pattern which is evidently in the author's mind. And it does not incarnate or visualize the supreme citizen sufficiently to persuade such very material beings as ourselves. Everyone knows pretty well what a good British citizen means without needing his almost forced accommodation to the vague international idealism now in vogue—the kind of idealism that expects everyone to die for it except its professor.

Let us take one casuistical example. The book in its desultory course touches on the ethics (it is nothing if not ethical) of the "conscientious objector." And some space is devoted to analyzing both the real and ideal aspects of this curious creature. Quite in the spirit of the Huguenot treatises on the rights and wrongs of rebellion, it inquires whether a man who religiously believes all war to be a crime is not spiritually justified in refusing to defend his country—and, by consequence, let us add, to allow his kindred to be killed that his own skin and often a profitable post may be secured. Now, there is a much simpler solution for the ordinary mind than any amount of sophistical reasoning. Mr. Fisher, who has handled 'Social Debt and Social Credit' in a separate chapter, would be the last to deny that an Englishman owes much to his country. If the conscientious objector, therefore, cannot save his soul without belying his country, if his conscience is too tender for patriotism and his unselfishness only embraces the universe, there is a direct path open to him in this conflict of loyalties. Let him leave his country and become a roving citizen of the world. Let him sacrifice all its endearments and opportunities. If his instinct is international, let him forgo the nation that he feels it wrong to support. In a word, let him immolate himself (instead of others) on the altar of his convictions. In such lofty pretensions let him take care to do nothing low.

So international the bent of Mr. Fisher's mind, even when, as often, he is truly patriotic, that he makes a strange slip in one of his instances. He is rightly arguing for the use by Irishmen or Welshmen of the English language, and he instances Sheridan as never employing the Erse tongue. The reason is obvious. Sheridan never knew Erse, nor after his early childhood ever returned to Ireland. For Ireland he does not appear to have felt any personal concern. In England he lived and moved and had his being. Nor can we follow Mr. Fisher into his enthusiasms for the League of Nations, as at present constituted. So far, it owns neither any effective sanction nor does it wield any practical weapon to stem the instincts or passions of mankind. Deprecating force, it provokes friction by assuming the mantle of meddlesomeness without the means of dictation. It cannot police the world or arrest its burglars till every nation agrees to furnish its quota of constables, and if every nation did so consent, the League's perpetual debates would be unnecessary, because the nations themselves would be spontaneously resolved on perpetual peace. The ideal is magnificent, the methods futile. Nor does the League's current constitution seem to be truly representative. Indeed, some of its components and their attitudes would rather seem to resemble a department of Socialist propaganda. Moreover, what Mr. Fisher repeats about "Russian trade" hardly marches with known facts.

When Mr. Fisher contemplates the domestic scene we are constantly in close agreement with his good sense and good humour. The grosser pretensions of the trade unions, the ruinous folly of strikes incessantly engineered, are well and calmly handled. But sometimes, in the home scene just as in the foreign, he allows his theoretical bias to surmount the patent instincts of human nature. In psychologizing the roots of mutual distrust between what is called Labour and Capital, for instance, he trots out the stock fallacy of a shareholder in a company who participates in its profits without contributing to its work. Has it never occurred to Mr. Fisher that a workman who travels in a railway

carriage participates in the benefits of rapid locomotion without participating in the labour that propels it? Nobody can be a Jack of all trades without reverting to barbaric barter, and the corner-stone of civilization is division of labour—certainly not any division of property.

Finally, only an abstract consciousness can urge Mr. Fisher to assert that the Peace treaties have rearranged Europe in accordance with the wishes of the "population." Did the Hungarians desire the domination of Bela Kun? Were Greece and Turkey satisfied with the arbitrary adjustments of territory? And how did any of them fit in with the Wilsonian dogma of self-determination? Nor is it the case that the two pillars of the confused fabric are "Nationality and Democracy." For Nations substitute Races, and for whatever modern democracy may imply substitute a moderate element of anarchy. This would be nearer the mark of the prevailing chaos and continuous unrest.

So far as Mr. Fisher combats indifferentism of every description we are thoroughly with him. But so far as he favours a "progress" rather by groups than individuality and true leadership, we cannot uphold his outlook. Indeed, an inward struggle is perhaps the undercurrent of his mind—a struggle between a wish for united, strong, and generous nations that will keep the peace, and that Tower of Babel system which breaks it up while most discussing it, and results in little else than Aristophanes's Cloud-cuckooland. As for "Reduction of Armaments," for England it surely means the abolition of insurance, and if we had to sum up good citizenship we should say that public spirit, duty, and fairness formed better watchwords than any catalogued cases of conscience.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A Short History of the French Revolution. By I. Hutchinson Humphrys. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a modest little book, which claims to set forth the leading events in the Revolution and to lead the reader to a more extended study of the subject. Three works are stated in the preface to have been specially consulted, those of Madelin, Morse Stephens and Mrs. Webster. Madelin's history, like his study of Fouché, is worthy of all acceptance, of Morse Stephens we incline to take the view of Lord Acton. Mrs. Webster did great and signal service in calling attention to some forces which had been greatly underestimated before she wrote. And if she was inclined in our opinion to attach undue importance to what she calls "the intrigue of the subversives to destroy all religion and all government," her hearty condemnation of what was wicked and cowardly has earned her the gratitude of historians for all time. But there are other great authorities, as Mr. Humphrys is well aware, and in a future edition he will do well to add a chapter on the literature of the Revolution, placing in the forefront the wonderful lectures of Lord Acton which still continue to excite the admiration of students. Mr. Humphrys is, we are glad to notice, not led astray by the common excuses which are made, and knows that murder is not made any better by the fact that a clever man does it. The scale on which his history is written does not permit of extensive excursions, but he sees the importance of the economic problem. Some day, perhaps, he will deal with it separately. Federalism, in its connexion with the Girondins, is another of the fascinating side issues which we are but beginning to understand. Of persons, the man whose reputation for ability, not for other more desirable qualities, is steadily rising is St. Just. Had he not fallen at the hands of the Thermidorians, who shall say that he might not have clinched the Revolution?

New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

Sanctions: A Frivolity. By Ronald A. Knox.
Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

Judgment Eve. By H. C. Harwood. Constable.
7s. 6d. net.

Great Gifts. By Anne Darnay. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

I SHOULD guess that Father Knox is the world's champion at those drawing-room games which hostesses who are too intellectual for bridge and not quite intellectual enough for conversation impose, with pencils and scraps of paper, upon frightened and unwilling guests. You write down a review of 'The Pickwick Papers' in the manner of Mr. Middleton Murry; or you state who is the most under-rated, and who is the most over-rated, of living authors; or you say why your favourite religion is like your favourite flower, and get a reputation for flippancy; or you undertake to give a truthful sketch of your fellow-guests' characters, and either perjure yourself or ruin the party. I once myself attended a gathering at which some thirty or forty literary ladies and gentlemen of astounding eminence and dexterity wrote sonnets in competition by the clock; there were two sections, the serious and the comic; and one leader of rebellious youth competed in the serious section and received the prize in the other. But one cannot always hope for such errors. Usually these games are played with the maximum of constraint, resentment and incompetence: Father Knox has invented a world in which they are played with ease, distinction and success. Soon, too, the serious purpose looms up: pencil and paper are put tidily away: dialectic reigns. In short, though 'Sanctions' is called "a Frivolity," it is not primarily that. It contains some admirable witticisms, but very few; and its very title surely contradicts the supposition that its central theme is frivolous. It deliberately challenges comparison with 'The New Republic,' and fails in three ways to sustain the comparison. In the first place, it is not nearly so funny in what I may call the comic section or so passionately eloquent in the serious. In the second, it has not nearly so rich a field of contemporary genius and eccentricity to call upon. In 'The New Republic,' Jowett and Huxley, Ruskin and Spencer, Clifford and Matthew Arnold, were all recognizable and all ridiculous, and they were all worth recognizing and ridiculing. There is no denying that, by comparison, we live in a pygmy age. In the third place, the central theme (let me again refer to the title) is precisely the one that exercised Mallock's mind, and Father Knox is content to reach very much the same conclusion after a very much more elementary debate. What are the ultimate sanctions of moral conduct? Father Knox has chosen here a chatty and indirect fashion of indicating his reply to that question, but there can be no doubt what it is. Only—is it worth while, at this time of day, to write down and publish a refutation of the notion that "education" is derived from *educere* and means the drawing out of innate instincts; or a statement that "at least" (at least!) hypocrisy is the "tribute vice pays to virtue"; or an exposition of the fact that evolution is not to be confounded with progress? Of course, there is much that is more serious and profound, but we take a long time getting to it, and have to endure the very German measles of controversy on the way. We are all the more disappointed because occasional flashes show how good Father Knox can be; the rules for detective-stories, for instance, are flawless; and how comprehensive and cogent is this:

"But, hang it all, there are lots of people who are sceptical about human reason."

"Only people who are professionally interested in philosophy, or professionally uninterested in philosophy; and neither are good witnesses."

If more of the debate were on that level, we should not have to suspect Father Knox of being just a little frivolous in the wrong way—the way his title certainly never intended.

Mr. Harwood's fault is the opposite: he takes his seriousness so seriously that some parts of his book become flatly unintelligible. He too shows wit on occasion, and clearly could show more of it if he liked; but he is afraid of anything as obvious as wit. In each of these twelve stories, he avoids the dull by the extreme device of avoiding the credible. The best of the lot is 'Ernest,' the first: for that, being a satirical allegory, does not depend on credibility: its hero is a missionary and becomes a myth. Yet even the subtle and powerful irony of Mr. Harwood's higher criticism is a disappointment after his opening sentences, which I present to the fiction-writing public as a model of what pure narrative should be:

That year the King's birthday was celebrated on a Monday, and the public offices were closed. So Ernest was enabled to defer breakfast until half-past nine. His wife, with whom he had not been on speaking terms during the week-end, observed him studying the Greek Testament until twelve, when he went out to purchase a bottle of whiskey. This occupied him until dinner-time, when he fell asleep. About one on Tuesday morning he awoke and finished the bottle, and also drank a bottle of claret. He was usually abstemious, and it was plain that he would not be able to return to work that day. His wife therefore notified the Colonial Office that he was temporarily indisposed, bought ice from the fishmonger and left him alone.

Alas, this level is never reached again! We descend instead into a wilderness of hysterical action and impossible speech. Mr. Harwood is especially hard on the family. We have a sister who calls her brother a "curly, greasy poseur," and a father who calls his daughter a "weevil." We have a husband and wife who "wavered, sought each other and recoiled, intoxicated each other, and woke to disgust": so the husband travelled for years and came back offering to deny his "cruel" gods if his wife would deny her "fat and treacherous" ones. So she called him a "little, miserable, Byronic fellow" and they came to the conclusion that they had "wasted so many, so many years." And so they lived happily ever afterwards. Or else they did not. It is impossible to be positive which. I suppose Mr. Harwood's idea is to mix two strains—the high fantastic and the brutally true-to-life: it is the only explanation I can conceive for his wild and woolly methods. But how it can have escaped a man of his intellectual powers that those two strains won't mix—that I cannot tell.

Miss Anne Darnay is a beginner, and her crudity and technical awkwardness land her in absurdities very like those to which Mr. Harwood has been led by the opposite fault of sophistication. Her men-folk freely mingle their tears and their kisses, and seem in general abnormally excited. But her work deserves notice despite its incompetence, for she has a firm hold on certain basic natural emotions—and that is just what so many of our intellectuals lack. She does make us feel, because she feels herself, the love of father for son, the bitterness of poverty and of disappointment. Even her moralizing has point:

It is a sad thing that in this irrational world we treat those men and women whom we love best with a strange carelessness, and when one awful day they die and go from our reach into the Unknown, we suffer bitter remorse for the things undone, the words unsaid—the letters that can never now be written—the unexpressed love that can never be manifested. And we fail to learn from experience.

That is conventional and commonplace, of course. It has been said ten thousand times, and often said better. But at any rate it is intelligible—and true. The intellectuals tend to make a somewhat unintelligent mistake: they think that a sentiment must be untrue because it is conventional, whereas it may have become conventional precisely because it was found to be true. I am not denying that a *dead convention*, when the form persists and the spirit is fled, may be the blackest of lies: but I am denying that the conventionality is the same thing as the death.

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Round the Library Table

A MISCELLANY

To console myself for not having seen Mr. Shaw's idea of Joan of Arc, I have been reading once again the report of her trial and condemnation in the magnificent edition by M. Pierre Champion, which gives the original Latin and a French translation of all the documents in the case, published three years ago. It is much more valuable than the documents brought forward at her rehabilitation as a source of our knowledge of her: it gives in her own words a lively picture of her simple great-heartedness. It is the main source of Anatole France's 'Vie de Jeanne d'Arc,' which is for the modern reader the best and most sympathetic account of her ever written, in spite of Andrew Lang's rather venomous attack. By the time this appears in print we shall all know what Mr. Shaw makes of her, but I shall be surprised if he gets anywhere near historical truth. He does not know the peasant, and Joan had all the virtues of the peasant in a very high degree, and above all, he does not know the French peasant.

* * *

I have received a letter from a correspondent asking for details as to the Visconti descent of Henry VII. It came through his grandmother Catherine, who married Owen Tudor. She was the daughter of Isabel of Bavaria, who was the grand-daughter of Bernabo Visconti (d. 1385). The whole descent between Bernabo and the Tudors was in the female line, a descent which usually means a preservation of some qualities of the strain. It is worth remembering that we too often overlook the distaff side in our genealogies. I had a friend, drowned in the *Lusitania*, who used to say that nearly all the important persons in the Civil War between King and Parliament had a strain of Throgmorton blood in them, and he certainly proved it in the examples I put to him. Unfortunately he did not put his materials together, and the work will have to be done again.

* * *

Last week I was at a concert of seventeenth-century music, given by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. What struck me especially was the effect of using viols instead of violins etc. in bringing out the intricate construction of such pieces as Deeringe's Fantasy for Six Viols (1610) or Locke's Suite for Four Viols (1650). As soon as one is accustomed to the lack of brilliancy in tone, necessitated by the flat bridge of the viols, the perfection of workmanship common at this period of English music becomes very striking. A Sonata in E minor for Violin and Harpsichord by Bach, made me wonder why I had never heard it played by any of our great violinists.

* * *

A paper on the Library of Merton College by Mr. P. S. Allen, the great Erasmus scholar, shows how little value was attached to medieval manuscripts once the art of printing was well established. It is printed in the current number of 'The Library,' together with a well-illustrated paper by Mr. E. W. Lynam on 'The Irish Character in Print.' A remark in another part of the number recalls the horrible story of a visitor to the Durham Cathedral Library many years ago who, when he remarked on the state of some thirteenth-century manuscripts, was told that "the Canon's children come in on wet afternoons to amuse themselves by cutting out the pictures!"

* * *

Those who care to read about the Italian Renaissance will be grateful to me for directing them to a new volume of M. Robert De La Sizeranne's 'Les Masques et les Visages,' dealing with 'César Borgia et le Duc d'Urbino' (Hachette, 8 fr. 50). It deals with the sudden attack of Borgia on Guidobaldo Duke of Urbino, his defeat and exile, the death of the Borgia pope and the return of the Duke. The story is admirably told and well illustrated from contemporary portraits.

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EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

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Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Thursday.

THE City is having an extremely uncomfortable time. Brokers and jobbers are worried out of their wits by nervous, excited clients unable to make up their minds whether or not they ought to sell. In such times as these, the gilt-edged stocks usually maintain the firmest front for the simple reason that everyone goes for safety first. The resignation of M. Poincaré and the fear of serious financial failures in Paris during the next ten days have neutralized the effect of the rally in the franc. The strike fears infect the markets for Home Rails, gas and electric stocks, iron and steel shares. Disappointment with the Buenos Ayres Western dividend made Argentine Rails very flat. It is all very unpleasant, and rather nerve-racking, but the Stock Exchange has passed through worse experiences than those which trouble it to-day; the wise man will keep his head and his stock.

THE TUBES

Lord Ashfield has given a very nasty jolt to stockholders in the Underground Electric Railways of London, the Metropolitan-District Railway, and some of the tramway undertakings in his statement issued the other day to the Press for the purpose of proving how impossible it would be for these undertakings to increase their expenditure. He pointed out that the balance on the five railway companies, of which the District is the principal partner, for the first two months, January and February this year, was £1,600 against £197,000 for the corresponding period in 1923. In the Stock Exchange, men remarked that the figures were astounding, and how the public regarded them is seen by the way in which Underground Income Bonds fell from 100 to 94½, and Districts from 52 to 49½. Lord Ashfield could not be expected to make the best of his case in such a matter, but he is not prone to exaggeration in the way of figures, and this makes his statistics all the more startling. Holders of the stocks will pin their faith to Wembley for a revival in the companies' fortunes, and, if a mild cynicism may be forgiven, may the Stock Exchange mind add that experience has taught there is nothing more misleading than facts, except figures. The Tube strike simply adds one more element of chaos to the other factors that make for shareholders' anxiety and the public's loss.

OF OIL

They take each oil share in its turn and give it a run up. One day it is Venezuelan Concessions. Another, it will be one of the Trinidad stocks; on the third, Anglo-Egyptian "B" comes gaily out of hiding and rises sharply, under the favourable influence of a little buying coming upon a market bare of shares. None of the good oil companies' shares should be sold. The outlook is sufficiently promising to encourage proprietors to stick to their holdings. This applies more particularly to the best-class shares, in which Shells, Royal Dutch and Burmahs stand out as the prominent trio. The prices of them all are likely to go better in time. Of the medium-priced shares, Kern Rivers at 17s., notwithstanding the recent cut in the dividend, are amongst the best of

the bunch, for the company is now doing well, and the dividend is likely to be put up again in respect of the current year. It seems a little unnecessary, but possibly a word of warning may not be out of place to those who are tempted by glowing circulars with reference to the purchase of oil plots in America. There are plenty of charities at home in which money might be usefully employed.

RUBBER AT A SHILLING

The price of rubber is keeping close either side, as the Stock Exchange would say, of a shilling. That is, one day it may be a shilling-and-a-farthing, and on the next day will dip perhaps to 11½d. It looks as though the produce had taken up its position at about 1s., much to the exasperation, not to say the disgust, of people who had been told that there would be a rise to half-a-crown before the end of the first six months in this year. Various reasons are quoted to explain the cause of the fall in the produce price. Some of the explanations are quite subtle; they would do credit to Mr. Bernard Shaw himself. It does not seem to occur to many people that the actual reason for the depression in rubber is the humdrum, prosaic fact that there is too much rubber, and not enough demand for it.

THE REMEDY

That is difficult to find. Some people propose the formation of a selling agency that shall control the sale-price of rubber, a panacea put forward so often in the past that it seems to have lost even the slight power which it once possessed of kindling enthusiasm. The Stevenson Restriction scheme has recently drawn its bands a little more tightly around the voluntary areas over which it exercises jurisdiction. The Dutch producers stand outside this ground, but even they are waxing uneasy at the position, and are making overtures that may lead to their joining the Restriction concert. With matters drifting as they are to-day, the prospects point to the dearer producers being frozen out of business. The same fear became very present in 1922, when rubber slumped to 7½d. per lb., and when a desperate situation was only saved by Mr. Winston Churchill's action in appointing the Commission which evolved the Restriction Scheme. More than ever is the counsel justified which, in season and out of it, preached the policy of keeping only to the shares in the soundest companies. For such concerns as these will be able to weather the storm. They can still secure good profits with rubber at 1s. per lb. There is plenty of scope from which to make a wise selection. And, oddly enough, people who know the business are buying shares in companies like Bajoe Kidoel, Malayalam, Tandjong, Bukit Rajah, Sialang, London Asiatic and a dozen others of the same type.

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Acrostics

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the following list:

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Nash & Grayson
Burns, Oates & Wash- bourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Odham Press
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Putnam's
Collins	Hurst & Blackett	Routledge
Dent	Hutchinson	Sampson Low
Fisher Unwin	Jarrold	Selwyn Blount
Foulis	John Lane, The Bodley Head	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Gyllydental	Melrose	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 108.

A WESTERN BARD WHO HIAWATHA SUNG.
His STIRRING PSALM WAS ONCE ON EVERY TONGUE.

- They hanged him high—curtail the murderous fellow!
- Beware yon vestal robed in black and yellow.
- Such the knight's task, his suit of steel to burnish.
- "Bow-wow," "ding-dong" of this examples furnish.
- What does the sheep within that rounded pillar?
- Powdered, 'twill make you white as any miller.
- Take half an implement a trifle prickly.
- It isn't right—just pluck its heart out quickly!
- Changed into this, she baulked Apollo's yearning.
- In letters versed, they live for love of learning.
- Unpleasing word, when toothsome dish is ordered.
- Though parched all else, with verdure I am bordered.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 106.

IN PILLAR ONE A SCOTTISH PATRIOT VIEW;
"SCOTORUM MALLEUS" IN PILLAR TWO.

- Scents from afar the place where heroes bleed.
- The tale of Troy divine we there may read.
- Behead a crack, chink, fissure, blemish, fault.
- Sundry she speeded to the deep, damp vault.
- In schoolboy parlance he'd be called a sneak.
- Revered by every wearer of the leek.
- In others' wheels he loves to put a spoke.
- How very small! Suppress it at one stroke!
- Act well your part, and this perhaps you'll gain.
- Behead a lofty bank beside the main.
- Quick, quick, I do beseech you, let me go!
- Measures the force with which the breezes blow.
- From rock to rock behold it fearless leap.
- By need or enterprise urged o'er the deep.

Solution of Acrostic No. 106.

W ar-hors	E ¹	1 Job xxxix. 25. "Hee saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and hee smelleth the battell afarre off, the thunder of the capaines, and the shouting."—A.V.
I lia	D	By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
fL a	W	Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
L ocust	A ²	And furious every charger neigh'd,
I nforme	R	To join the dreadful revelry.
A rch-drui	D	—Campbell, <i>Hohenlinden</i> .
M arpolo	T	2 Poisoned Claudius and Britannicus, under Nero.
W Hit ³		3 The smallest part or particle imaginable. (<i>The tomb of Edward I. in Westminster Abbey bears these words: Edwardus Primus Scotorum malleus hic est. 1308. Pactum serva.</i>)
A pplaus	E	
bL uf	F	
L Ime		
A nemomete	R	
C hamoi	S	
E migran	T	

ACROSTIC NO. 106.—The winner is Mr. G. K. Malleson, 45 Sinclair Road, W.14, who has selected as his prize 'The Life of Olive Schreiner,' by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, published by Fisher Unwin and reviewed in our columns on March 15. Thirty-five other competitors chose this book, 32 asked for 'Two Royalist Spies of the French Revolution,' seven for 'Bankers and Credit,' etc., etc.

Correct solutions were also received from Sisyphus, Albert E. K. Wherry, W. Sydney Price, H. K., Lilian, Met, C. E. P., L. W. Phillips, L. M. Maxwell, Baitho, Hanworth, Lenno, VII, Ayesha, Travell, R. H. Keate, C. R. Price, A. M. W. Maxwell, and Crucible.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Twyford, Coque, S. J. D., Barberry, St. Ives, Igidie, Oakapple, Malvolio, C. J. Warden, Madge, Carrie, A. W. Cooke, Spican, Gay, Merton, Dunphy, W. Haldane Porter, G. T., A. de V. Blathwayt, John Lennie, Raga, Boskerris, Stucco, Doric, Cabbage, Tyro, Shorne Hill, M. Hogarth, J. Chambers, Lady Duke, E. L. Taylor, Walter Stanbrough, F. I. Morcom, Old Mancunian, Jop, Monks Hill, A. B. Miller, Martha, Runtonian, Dolmar, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Mrs. W. H. Myers, Armadale, Rev. J. A. Easten, Brum, Pen, Cumbebridge, C. H. Burton, Quis, Varach, Eureka, Carlton, Lucy H. Phillimore, E. Barrett, Iago, Pussy, and Vixen.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Nora H. Boothroyd, M. Kingsford, R. C. Hart-Davis, Mrs. J. Butler, Mutat, K. A. Jones, B. C. Barfield, Still Waters, E. P. Kingdon, East Sheen, Arthur Mills, Rev. A. R. A. Watson, E. A. N., Roid, Mrs. McConnell, Fuimus, M. A. S. McFarlane, Louisa Day, Materfamilias, Holy Hill, Ama, Gunton, F. C. Sillar, Diamond, Maud Crowther and M. Story. All others more.

For Light 10 Cliff is accepted.

Lights 1, 4, 6 and 12 proved the most difficult. For Light 1, War-office, Wolverine, and Walkyrie are certainly better than Whale (Moby Dick?). Solvers who gave Lucrezia (Borgia) for Light 4 are referred to Roscoe's Character of that much-maligned lady. Though Libitina presided over funerals, she does not appear to have hastened them. Lobaba (in Southey's 'Thalaba') is a sorcerer. Laura, Latona, Lucia, Lamia, Luna, Lucifer, Lacerta, Leonora, and Livia were other attempts. For the last there is something to be said.

ACROSTIC NO. 103.—One Light wrong: Sisyphus. (Regret omission).

ACROSTIC NO. 105.—Two Lights wrong: F. I. Morcom.

F. S. L.—Suitable for what, please?

MADGE.—A Ne'er-do-well often knows perfectly well that his conduct is unwise; a Numskull or fool thinks he is acting wisely when he is not.

OAKAPPLE.—Aconite standing by itself means the Wolfsbane or Monkshood, a summer flower. The Winter Aconite blossoms in January, before spring arrives, and its flowers come out one by one; an Almond-tree may be said to burst into blossom.

DORIC.—I cannot discriminate between a Numskull and a fool, but in Prov. xxvi. 12, there is said to be more hope for a fool than for a man wise in his own conceit. That fools despise correction, or spurn reproof, is notorious. See Proverbs *passim*. Liniments may be applied by friction now, but this was not always the case. Harvey speaks of anointing the nostrils and the jugular arteries with a liniment of balsam, and Johnson's definition of Liniment is "ointment, balsam, unguent."

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That cannot be described as an undue reward for capital—especially since a coal mine is a form of property that is continually deteriorating in value as the seams become exhausted.

Moreover, as is well known to the miners' leaders, that figure of 1s. 4d. per ton is subject to deductions for interest on loans and debentures and many other charges, before it becomes a "net" figure comparable with the figures quoted for pre-war profits.

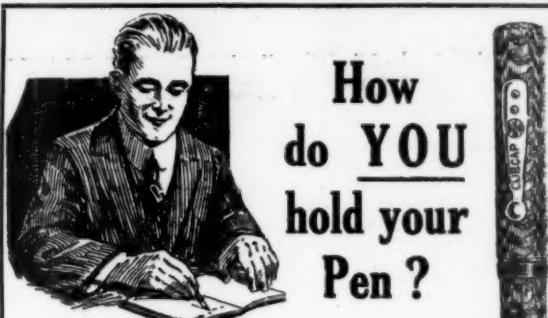
Competent independent financial authorities stated before the Sankey Commission that the return on money invested in coal mining before the war rendered the industry a very difficult one to put money into.

Having regard to the increased proportion of profits now taken by the State—22.5 per cent. in income tax alone as compared with 5.8 per cent. in 1914, quite apart from corporation profits tax and super tax—the net return to the shareholders in colliery companies is even lower to-day, and in a great number of instances is actually insufficient to provide adequately for maintenance and development.

Finally, in considering the subject of profits, the question of capital losses is usually ignored; although the amount of capital that has been sunk and irretrievably lost in this highly speculative industry amounts in the aggregate to a very great sum.

If you are interested in *The Story of Coal* cut this advertisement out and file it. It will be followed by others telling other parts of the Story. Look out for them. They are being issued on behalf of the Colliery Owners of Great Britain by PHILIP GEE, 40, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, from whom further information about the Coal Mining Industry can be obtained.

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'Saturday Review'
Competitions

MAR. 29, 1924

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

Company Meeting**LONDON AND THAMES HAVEN
OIL WHARVES**

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Limited, was held on the 26th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Lord Kylsant, G.C.M.G. (the chairman), presided, and in moving the adoption of the report said that the accounts disclosed that the company was in a thoroughly sound and satisfactory position. The sum of £20,000 had been added to the reserve, and they were carrying forward a larger sum than in the previous year. Additional expenditure had been incurred during the year in the ordinary course of development, and the company was equipped with everything that was required to satisfy the changing conditions of the trade so far as they could be anticipated. The property entrusted to them by their clients amounted to many millions of pounds sterling, and it was imperative that those who placed these immense stocks of petroleum and other oils in their hands should have the satisfaction of knowing that the company possessed every modern appliance for ensuring safe storage and efficient handling. The reserve fund was now equal to the entire issued capital, including both Preference and Ordinary shares.

The dividend now recommended made a total of 10 per cent., free of income-tax, for the year. This was the same as had been paid for the previous four years. Having regard to the soundness of the financial position of the company and to the reputation it had attained, some shareholders had expressed disappointment that the rate of dividend had not been increased. It must be recognized, however, that the company was only able continually to develop the scope of its business and to hold its unique position in the trade by working at the lowest possible figure and conserving its resources. The whole of the handling services of the company were placed at the disposal of importing merchants for the purpose of taking delivery of petroleum from steamers alongside its jetties at Thames Haven, storing and delivering to their craft for distribution to different parts of the river at a cost of less than a farthing per gallon. One of the principles essential for carrying on successfully a business of this nature was realized to be the necessity for regulating the rate of distribution so as to permit of the plant being renewed and extended whenever required. The general decline in the trade of the country was responsible for the fact that the total amount of goods handled by the company during the past year did not show the expansion usual in previous years. So far as petroleum spirit was concerned, the company maintained its pre-eminent position in the handling of this product, and actually landed, as it had done for many years, between 55 per cent. and 60 per cent. of the total imports into this country. The company was part of a great essential industry, and with its magnificent and up-to-date equipment it should continue to develop, so long as great quantities of petroleum and other oils from overseas continued to be imported here.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting**WEST SPRINGS, LIMITED**

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the SEVENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, Second Floor, "The Corner House," Johannesburg, on MONDAY, the 26th day of May, 1924, at 10.45 o'clock in the forenoon, for the following business:—

1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet for the year ended 31st December, 1923.
2. To confirm the appointment of Mr. A. F. Lyall as a Director in place of Mr. W. L. Honnold, resigned.
3. To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. E. G. Izod, O.B.E., and A. F. Lyall, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
4. To fix the remuneration for the past audit, and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
5. To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 28th April to the 2nd May, 1924, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 17th May to the 10th June, 1924, all days inclusive.

By Order, EDMUND SHEPHERD,
Secretary to the London Committee.

London Transfer Office: 5, London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

24th March, 1924.

Company Meeting**BAK PAN MINES, LIMITED**

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the TWENTY-FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, Second Floor, "The Corner House," Johannesburg, on MONDAY, the 26th day of May, 1924, at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, for the following business:—

1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet and Revenue and Expenditure Account for the year ended the 31st December, 1923.
2. To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. W. E. Hudson and F. R. Lynch, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To fix the remuneration for the past audit, and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
4. To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 28th April to the 2nd May, 1924, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 17th May to the 10th June, 1924, all days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer desirous of attending in person or by proxy, or of voting at any General Meeting of the Company, shall produce their Share Warrants for verification, or may, at their option, deposit same as follows:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 5, London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Office of the Credit Mobilier Français, 30 and 32, Rue Taitbout, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, Certificates, with Proxy Forms, will be issued, under which such Share Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by proxy.

By Order, J. H. JEFFERYS,
London Transfer Office: Secretary to the London Committee.
5, London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.
24th March, 1924.

Company Meeting**SPRINGS MINES, LIMITED**

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the FIFTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, Second Floor, "The Corner House," Johannesburg, on MONDAY, the 26th day of MAY, 1924, at 12 o'clock noon, for the following business:

1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet and Revenue and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1923.
2. To confirm the appointment of Sir F. D. P. Chaplin, G.B.E., K.C.M.G., as a Director in place of Mr. A. F. Lyall, resigned.
3. To elect two Directors in the place of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer and Mr. W. L. Honnold, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
4. To fix the remuneration for the past audit, and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
5. To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 28th April to the 2nd May, 1924, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 17th May to the 10th June, 1924, all days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer desirous of attending in person or by proxy, or of voting at any General Meeting of the Company, shall produce their Share Warrants for verification, or may, at their option, deposit same as follows:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least twenty-four hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting; or
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 5, London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, Certificates, with Proxy Forms, will be issued, under which such Share Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by proxy.

By Order, J. H. JEFFERYS,
London Transfer Office: Secretary to the London Committee.
5, London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

24th March, 1924.

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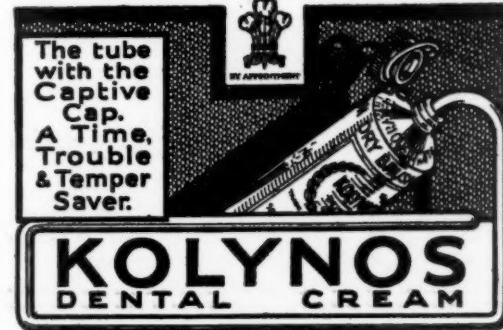
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